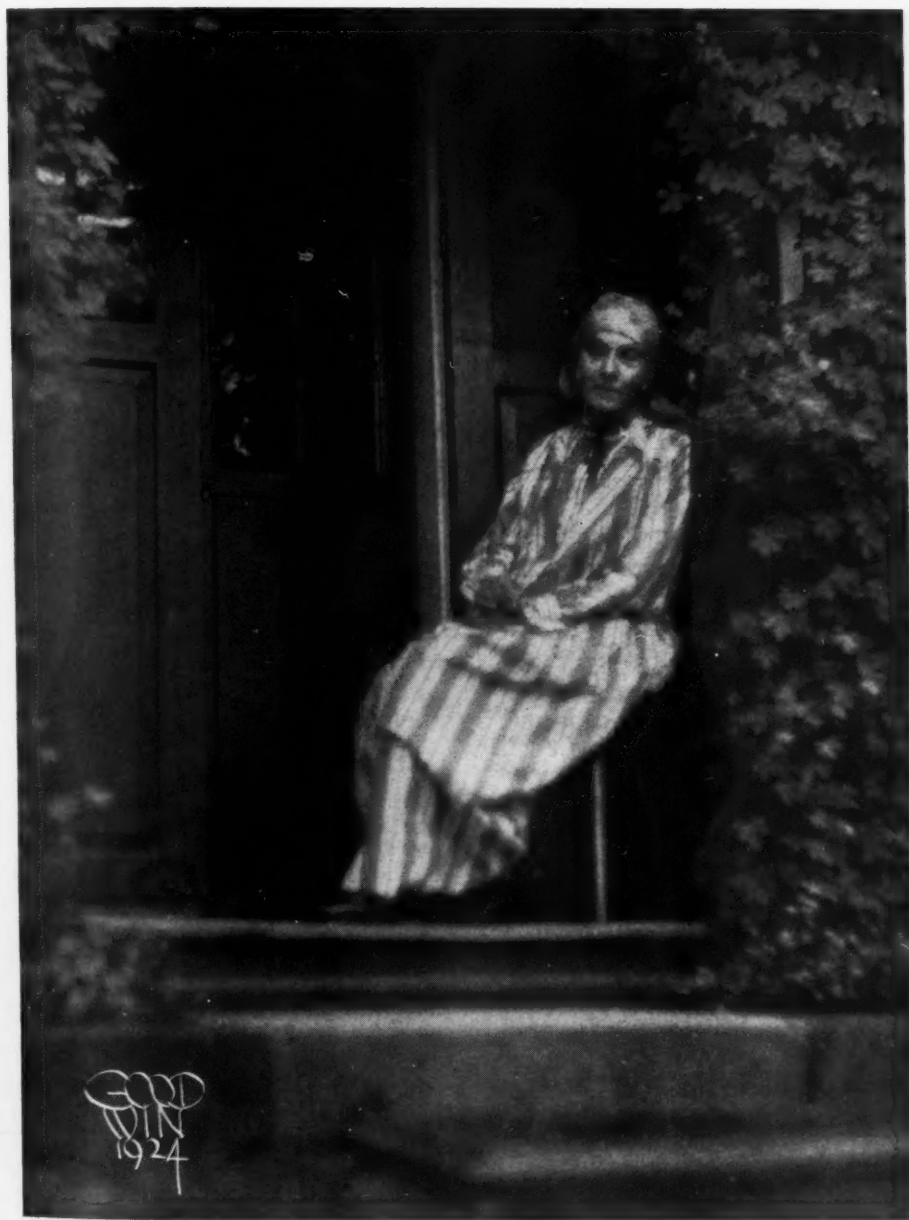


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# THE • AMERICAN • SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW



SUMMER FICTION NUMBER:

Pontoppidan

Duun

Elin Wägner

"My own life is the most wonderful Fairy Tale of all"

## HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

By HIMSELF

This is the story of the shoe-maker's son of Odense who became the companion of kings and the most beloved of writers. Like all his other fairy tales, Hans Christian's autobiography is touched with romantic fancy and tuned to the ears of children. Who can resist the temptation to be an eavesdropper when Andersen tells a story, especially if it be the fairy tale of his Life!

The present volume (illustrated) revives the original version of 1848. Price \$2.50.

## NORSE MYTHOLOGY

Legends of Gods and Heroes

Since 1840, Peter Andreas Munch's handbook of *Norse Mythology* has been a standard work in Norway. Later scholarship has modified but has not replaced it, and to-day Munch's book still retains popular and scholarly prestige. It is a tribute to the enduring quality of Munch's work that the great authority of our day, Professor Magnus Olsen, chose to bring up to date the older historian's text rather than attempt a new study of the Norse "Age of Fable." The result is this

volume, *Norse Mythology: Legends of Gods and Heroes*, translated by Dr. S. B. Hustvedt, which the American publishers offer as the authoritative guide to the world of Northern myth and legend. It is intended to serve alike the student of Old Norse literature, the reader of other literatures in which the ancient themes occur, and especially the general reader who has searched often and in vain for one handy volume to tell him of the old Norse gods and their affairs. Price, \$2.50



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## FINANCIAL NOTES

## LOWER TAX FOR NORWEGIAN AMERICA LINE STOCKHOLDERS ABROAD

The Finance Committee of the Norwegian Storting has under favorable consideration a proposal of Attorney Sigurd Fougner that foreign stockholders in the Norwegian America Line be taxed less than is the case at present. It is especially in the United States that the present rate is considered burdensome, since many of the stockholders are people in very moderate circumstances, who largely because of their continued interest in their home country, have invested in the line. The Norwegian Government income tax on shares of Norwegian companies owned abroad amounts to 20 per cent at present. It is quite likely that the reduction asked for will be granted by the Storting, according to Norwegian advices.

## SCANDINAVIAN MONEY STANDARD FOR ESTHONIA

In keeping with what Latvia and Lithuania accomplished in 1923 when these Baltic countries introduced new coinage to take the place of the ruble, Esthonia has followed suit by also adopting the Scandinavian krone value as its money standard. This recent action is due in large measure to the energetic efforts of Leo Sepp, who both as director of the Bank of Esthonia and as one time minister of finance, found that the country's progress depended almost entirely on financial reforms in line with what has now been brought about. Great assistance has also been rendered by the League of Nations which sent financial advisers to Esthonia to aid in introducing the new money standard. A recent loan of 25,000,000 kroner is one of the practical results of the financial improvement.

## CITY OF COPENHAGEN'S \$15,000,000 LOAN

An American syndicate headed by Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and International Acceptance Bank, has granted the City of Copenhagen a \$15,000,000 loan for twenty-five year 5 per cent gold bonds, due June 1, 1952. Conversion of Danish kroner into United States currency has been made at gold parity of 2.68 kroner. The bonds are to yield about 5.20 per cent to maturity. In his statement to the syndicate, J. Schaarup, Director General of Accounts and Audits of the City of Copenhagen, says that the proceeds of the issue will be used in part to pay the Internal 5 per cent loan maturing in 1928, amounting to \$6,700,000, and the balance will be used for additions to and improvements in public works and buildings. The International Acceptance Securities & Trust Company is the fiscal agent for the loan.

## SWEDISH MATCH INTERESTS OBTAIN MORE DUTCH HOLDINGS

The Swedish American Investment Corporation, which is the holding company of the Swedish Match Company, and which controls the International Match Company, through its president, Ivar Krueger, has obtained 196,000 common shares of the Administratie Maatschappij voor Algemeene Nyverheids Waarden in Amsterdam. To finance the transaction Krueger and Toll issued 220,000 new shares of stock of 100 kronor par value at the rate of 525 kronor, the present mar-

ket value of the stock. Before the recent transaction the Swedish company already owned 76,000 shares of the 300,000 outstanding.

## SEEK REDUCTION OF UNITED STATES CORPORATION TAX

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon's announcement that the Federal budget for the fiscal year ending June 30 may show a surplus of approximately \$600,000,000, gives encouragement to those seeking a reduction of the corporation tax. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States has taken the lead in urging that this tax should be reduced from its present 13½ per cent to not more than 10 per cent, pointing out that over a year ago, when Congress reduced nearly all other kinds of taxes, it increased the income tax on corporations. The present taxes on corporations are largely a result of the war. In 1921 the Excess Profits Tax was found to be unworkable and was repealed, and to offset this the corporation income tax was increased from 10 to 12½ per cent. Again in 1926 the Capital Stock Tax was repealed, and the corporation tax was raised from 12½ to 13½ per cent.

## BANKING THROUGH THE AGES INTERESTING NARRATIVE

Writing in the *Swedish American Trade Journal*, Charles P. Speare gives an interesting account of how banking has developed through past centuries, showing how the bill of exchange appears to have been the first credit instrument of which history gives any account. Several thousand years before the Christian era, Assyria makes reference to such bills of exchange. Coming down to more modern times, Shakespeare has very frequent reminders that there were shrewd money changers all over Europe in medieval days, and particularly in Italy where in 1587 the Banco di Rialto was established in Venice. Banking in the United States was inaugurated with the establishment in Massachusetts in 1740 of the "Land & Manufacturers Bank," which issued notes redeemable in goods. In 1781, Congress approved the plan of Robert Morris for the Bank of North America. The first Bank of the United States was incorporated in 1791 by the first American Congress, and was due to the efforts of Alexander Hamilton.

## UNITED STATES TREASURY OPERATIONS

On May 15 the Secretary of the Treasury issued a call for payment on November 15, 1927, of all outstanding Second Liberty Loan 4 per cent Bonds and Second Liberty Loan Converted 4½ per cent bonds. The Second Liberty Loan was offered for subscription on October 1, 1917, and a total of \$3,807,000,000 was allotted to over nine million subscribers. Of the original about \$750,000,000 has been redeemed by the Treasury on various accounts, and about \$1,300,000,000 was refunded recently into the new Treasury 3½s.

## BANK OF NORWAY HAS THIRTEEN MILLION SURPLUS

According to the report of the Bank of Norway for 1926, the year netted a surplus of 13,000,000 kroner.

1864

1927

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OSCAR CESARE's cartoons are familiar to all readers of New York newspapers. With breadth of handling they combine an impassioned force that renders them unforgettable. "Wings of the Morning," inspired by Lindbergh's flight, shows the delicate, imaginative quality of his dry point. Mr. Cesare is a Swede by birth.

The fiction number of the REVIEW is an annual event. This year all the three authors presented are new to American readers. So far as

we know, this is ELIN WÄGNER's first appearance here. She is one of the younger woman writers of Sweden, but has already sixteen books to her credit, in addition to her work for various idealistic causes, peace, feminism, and war relief. She is editor of *Tidehvarvet*, a magazine devoted to the more advanced phases of the woman movement. In her fiction she has shown a rare intuitive understanding of the working

woman, whether it be the young girl in her first business position or the older professional woman. Notable are *Helga Wisbeck Practising Physician*, and *The Pen-shaft*, the latter the story of a young newspaper girl in Stockholm. *Phoenix* is a good example both of her light, humorous touch and of her deep, human sympathy.

The rise of OLAV DUUN to a position in the first rank has been one of the most interesting features of modern Norwegian literature. He has been strongly recommended for the Nobel prize, and on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday last

winter was honored by his countrymen in a manner that seldom falls to the lot of an author still in the height of his productive activity. *Blind Anders* is from a volume of short stories that may perhaps be called a by-product of the material gathered in his epic novel cycle, *The Juvikings*. Duun writes entirely in his crisp, vigorous Namdalen dialect. He is a country school teacher.

VAUGHN FRANCIS MEISLING, who makes his first appearance in the REVIEW with the two translations from Fröding, is with the *Evening Bulletin* of Philadelphia and has written original poems.

HENRIK PONTOPPIDAN, in spite of being one of the most famous authors of modern Denmark, and having shared with his compatriot, Karl Gjellerup, the Nobel literary prize in 1915, is practically unknown here. He was born in 1857

and is the only one now living of the distinguished group that included J. P. Jacobsen, Herman Bang, and Holger Drachmann. Disillusionment is probably the word that best describes his attitude toward life. Where other authors look to the past as a means of national glorification, Pontoppidan sees the survival of piratical instincts under the cover of modern respectability. He has written three great novel cycles: *The Promised Land*, *Lucky Pehr*, *The Kingdom of the Dead*.

OLOF LAMM is Consul-general for Sweden in New York.



ELIN WÄGNER



WINGS OF THE MORNING—MAY 21, 1927

FROM A DAY POINT BY OSCAR CHARE

Reproduced by Courtesy of the New York Times and the Arthur H. Harlow Company

# THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

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AUGUST, 1927

NUMBER 8

## Phoenix

By ELIN WÄGNER

*Translated from the Swedish by SIGNHILD GUSTAFSON*

**R**OLF SONESON, *kandidat*, got up early one morning in the Christmas vacation and came out into the kitchen with his boots in his hands. The first faint gleam of the winter morning fell in through the kitchen window, and in the half light he glimpsed a tray full of plates, cups, and glasses. He stepped nearer: dishes unwashed! The little maid had evidently gone to bed and left it all. And hadn't thought how it would feel to wake up on Monday morning with a whole tray full of dishes to do. He hunted and found the shoe polish and the brush and began to shine his shoes. Those, at least, she should be spared when she awoke to the many duties of the day.

If it had been in America, thought the young man, who had happened to inhale a breath or two from that country, then all of us guests of the day before would have gone out to the kitchen, with Aunt in the lead, and done up the dishes amid laughter and merriment in five minutes. But it never occurred to us. I should have liked to see the faces of these ladies and gentlemen if I had suggested that they wipe the dishes instead of bewailing the dearth of servants.

Soneson had awakened early and with a dull sense of discomfort. What can be the matter, he thought. I didn't drink yesterday, I'm not engaged, I have no promissory note due. And then he suddenly remembered.

To think that Aunt Eugenie can be so mean, thought he!

Here he had harbored real affection for his aunt for the past twenty years. Her comfortable little home had been open to him, during his university years, at all holidays, Christian and profane. She celebrated feast days which nobody else in the world remembered now—such as the day her father took his degree, the anniversary of a long

forgotten ball at Karlberg military academy, or her own first communion—by sending her sister's son a little sum: to drink the health of his grandmother, grandfather, or aunt.

No wonder he had considered her a kind-hearted woman, a childless woman with a mother's heart. Under such circumstances it was painful to be disillusioned, to look down into unfathomable depths of moral turpitude in his aunt's soul. Women, he said to himself, ugh! they are not scrupulous with each other.

Lost in meditation, he kept brushing his shoe in the same spot. It was half-past eight; the girl had overslept. But I shall defend little Aina, he thought. I shall tell my aunt what I think: "Dear Aunt! You are young and spry and healthy. Don't sit there and complain because your treasure Amalia got married and it is impossible to get anybody that can equal her. What inducement is there for the present generation of maids to offer up their youth to you, Aunt? Work yourself! Be your own maid! That is the simplest way out of it. You can get temporary help at holidays, when I come. And, Aunt dear, your hand on your heart! When you went up to Stockholm just recently and got that poor little girl and brought her down here as the most wretched of the wretched, then you probably felt as though you had done a great and beautiful deed. But why did you send off the choresman who always fetched water and wood when Amalia was here? Tell me, Aunt, didn't you reason that a girl who had three lives and a wrecked dwelling on her conscience—such a girl cannot very well refuse to bear burdens, heavy as they may be? Didn't you want to save a few pennies on her boundless misfortune in these days of high costs?" If Aunt doesn't take a look at herself in the mirror of conscience this morning before breakfast, then I'm a poor guesser. When I think of how she sat there last night boasting to her jealous friends of this girl's willingness and submissiveness, with those self-confident words: "And then, too, I know that I shall be able to keep her."

Footsteps were now heard in the hall to the kitchen, and Soneson understood that the girl, far from oversleeping, had been out on an early errand. He hastened to open the door. There stood, bending beneath the burden of the wood-carrier and water pail, the little girl who had been crushed by destiny, a small young girl with gray color and sunken cheeks.

"Are you leaving, Mr. Soneson?" she asked all out of breath, fixing her tired eyes on him. "Are you in a hurry? Miss Perlgren didn't say anything about it."

"No, indeed," said the student. "Should you like to see me go, Aina? Am I so much trouble?"

"Oh, no," said the girl, starting at the name Aina. Up to now she had been called Anna here for the better keeping of the secret.

"I should be so glad to help you," he added.

"I thought Miss Perlgren told about it yesterday," said the girl, "when the company was so lively. Just give me the shoes, Mr. Soneson. I'll brush them all right, but first I'll have to light the fire and put on the coffee, for she hollers if she doesn't get it at nine."

"Thanks; but I've almost finished now. No, I can't say that she told it outright," said he.

"She promised to keep quiet, and I promised to stay here a year to start with," said the girl, cleaving sticks with a force that was surprising in such a frail creature. "But now I can leave any time at all."

"It was Mr. Tennberg, the curate, who lives in the apartment right across, that guessed who you were. But I have to admit that Aunt helped put us on the track at first."

"Of course, for I dare say he didn't recognize me from the pictures in the papers, not as I look now," she remarked with an accent of mingled sorrow and satisfaction.

"Are you very sorry that we know?" asked the young man.

"No, indeed, for now I can go whenever I please. I'd have done it anyway, for that matter."

Soneson turned abruptly and looked at Aina. This was interesting. So his aunt had been mistaken in her calculations; it filled him with joy. Even the worm turned and refused to carry water and wood. Not even the most crushing blow of fate could make a maid of this generation meek and keep her in her place.

So deeply ingrained had insubordination become.

She lay on her knees near the stove, and he saw nothing but a slender, hollow neck which appealed to his sense of chivalry.

"Don't you feel at home here?" he asked in the same kindly tone.

"I suppose Miss Perlgren says she thinks I ought to be thankful and happy?" she asked.

"Yes," he admitted.

"But why should I be, really? I've not done her any harm. It's just as if she had done something great by taking me here and letting me work from morning till night."

"Is the work so hard here, then?"

"Yes, it is. In the first place there's no gas here."

Soneson restrained a surprised: The devil, there isn't! For it was on the occasion of her attempted suicide with her fiancé by means of gas that she had happened to cause an explosion which wiped out a whole family desirous of living. There you see how much simpler the human mind is than you imagine, he thought. You would have expected this girl to go into hysterics at sight of a gas jet. You would expect the smell of gas to make her faint. But here she goes about thinking: Ugh, I don't want to stay in a place where they



don't have gas. "So, you are accustomed to gas," he said quietly, afraid of scaring her out of her communicative mood.

"Oh, yes, they have it everywhere in Stockholm. And there's no water in the kitchen here, and no conveniences. I've heard from the girls in the building that when the other maid was here, there was a choresman. I don't know why the lady here thinks you get extra strength from almost dying of asphyxiation, and one thing and another."

"Yes, you had a child, didn't you?" said the young man in as respectful a tone as if he had been talking to a madonna.

"Yes," said she, "and the young one died, and I survived. It seems just as if I didn't have a right to die. But I don't suppose I was saved as if by a miracle just for the sake of trotting back and forth here in Miss Perlgren's kitchen. For she doesn't need me; she can get along by herself, though she doesn't think so."

"Can I help you with anything?" asked Soneson, eager to stay on, in the hope of catching new glimpses of this strange soul.

"Grind the coffee if you know how," said she with a trace of coquetry.

"I can wipe dishes, too!"

"Not really?" She laughed spontaneously, and for a moment her face lighted up and was transfigured. He saw that she was young as he, and that it could not have been a very long time since she strolled along, happy and in love, of a summer's evening in the park of Gröna Lund at her barber's side. Yes, the barber. He gave the door of her room a light shove and saw that the barber's apprentice of the first floor had told the truth when he said that the strange girl at Perlgren's had begged him to give her the emblem of the Tonsorial Society to hang on her wall.

Now he knew that she had sought death together with a barber, and a very genteel barber it must have been, who had wanted to make a final splurge, as evidenced by the fact that he had screwed apart the main gas-duct when the great moment was at hand. Three dead beside the barber! Soneson wouldn't have had the emblem of the Tonsorial Society on the wall if he had been in her place.

Aina gave him a searching sidewise glance.

"He was a barber," she informed him briefly. "And," she added, encouraged by the kind and respectful attitude of Soneson, "that is their emblem."

"So he was a member of the Tonsorial Society?"

"No, he was a Finn, and had a temporary position on Folkungagatan when we met. He wondered a lot what that emblem meant, until some one told him it was a kind of bird that was burned and arose again, with renewed youth, out of the ashes. And the last days we

lived, he talked so much about that bird. 'If it should be true now'—she imitated his Finnish accent—"that there will be a resurrection for you and me, too?" And for me there was a fine resurrection, I'll say. Mr. Soneson, just imagine how you'd feel to wake up and find yourself alive and with child at that—and him dead and nothing for all you'd gone through. And then all the rest; I can't speak of it."

"Poor child," said Soneson with real compassion.

"You said it," said she. "Will you have a cup out here? I thought I'd go crazy. I was ill, and such a fuss as there was. Cross examinations all the time, and I was in jail after I had recovered from the child. And then I got sick again and was pardoned. And the very day I got out along came Miss Perlgren here and an agent for a cabaret, but the Rescue Mission wouldn't even let me see him. And then they thought at the Rescue Mission that I ought to go with Miss Perlgren to the quiet countryside and get strong and give people time to forget, but there's nothing to that."

"Here nobody will be unkind to you, Aina, even if they know how things stand," said Soneson. But he said it against his better knowledge, for he had not forgotten the discussion as to her guilt which had followed the disclosure of her identity the day before. The ladies had said they hardly wanted to eat her omelette after that; it nauseated them.

"You never can tell," said the girl. "They gave me such ugly glances even last night. Say, Mr. Soneson?"

"Well?"

"The other night I dreamed about that bird (and at the same time it was the barber), and I dreamed that he rose truly alive from the ashes. Do you suppose it could mean anything? Sometimes I've thought—it seems as if I had a ray of hope that, after all——"

The young student was touched. So this was the way the great tragedy looked after the curious public had lost interest in it. As for himself, he had never before stopped to think what happened to those unfortunate individuals who stood for one brief moment naked in the light of some great misfortune, only to retreat into the shade again. Perhaps he had thought that when the reports about them shrank together to mere items, these human beings did the same thing, finally vanishing from existence when their names disappeared from the news columns. People are very deficient in imagination, he reflected.

"But couldn't you think of any escape but mounting the funeral pyre?" he asked.

"It was in the cellar I lived," said she. "Well, you see, he got out of work and didn't get very good recommendations from Folkungagatan. We went over and looked at a temporary dwelling on Tjärhovsgatan in a gymnasium where fourteen families were living. But then we thought it would be better to die. There wasn't a living soul

who kept quiet a minute in the gymnasium, except, as he said, the bedbugs. And it was expensive just the same. A tenement wasn't to be thought of. Afterwards there were so many people who said to me, that you could of got in here or there at a home for lone mothers, and we'd of helped you, but I'd never told anybody how things were, 'cause it sort of embarrasses you the first time. For that matter, he was the one that wanted us to end it all. Heavens, now I really must go in with Miss Perlgren's coffee."

The lady of the house had awakened with a bad conscience. She could not get away from the fact that she had promised Aina and the Rescue Mission to keep the secret, but before the sun was down for another day, the whole town would know it. Of course, she hadn't told it outright, but with mysterious gestures and intimations she had lured her guests on to guess the riddle. And they had reached a solution much sooner than she expected.

She had an uncomfortable feeling that her nephew thought she had committed a breach of etiquette. And it was unpleasant to remember the expression on Aina's face when she came in and interrupted the animated discussion about her own person.

Upon my soul, I'll get up and help her a bit, she thought, just as her nephew had thought an hour earlier.

But when Miss Perlgren came out into the kitchen, dressed in her kimono, she found to her indignation and surprise that her nephew was there ahead of her, drinking coffee and engaged in a lively conversation with Aina. The coffee and the boy's little attempt at a rapprochement she could overlook, but it touched her honor too closely to see that Aina, so reserved with her mistress, opened her heart to this young man. It had been a great disappointment to the lady that she never succeeded in getting Aina to divulge any of the details of the great drama of her life. She had been attracted to Aina not only because she expected to find in her a devoted and faithful servant. She was also attracted to her because here at last was life itself, the dreadful and alluring life outside of which she had always moved. Still, mingled with these thoughts was the idea of giving the sensation (Aina) shelter, food, and wages, however small. She had asked the girl: "Well, how was it, Aina?" But the girl had simply answered: "Horrid."

"Good morning, Aunt," said the student. "Aina was just coming in with your coffee, but now perhaps you will stay here and have it with me."

"I suggest," said his aunt ceremoniously, "that you come with me to the parlor instead and finish your breakfast there." And Soneson, who wished to launch the attack on his aunt's conscience at once, accompanied her without further ado, except to give Aina a nod behind his aunt's back.

The girl answered this nod with a grimace when the door was closed.

She was, of course, not always wholly conscious of the entire breadth of her guilt. All was indifferent to her except that her back ached when she had to do too heavy work. But then there followed something which dispelled the fog surrounding her. She awoke, she remembered. That was it. Mechanically she poured the steaming water into the dishpan while pain contracted her whole body as in a cramp. He didn't know what he had done to her by winning her with kindness and making her talk about her life. And as for that kindness, it wasn't so genuine; he ran along with the old lady as soon as she wrinkled her eyebrows. You ought not to concern yourself with such a guilty creature, the old woman would say. And in that she was perfectly right. She was innocent and still in a way guilty, for she, a native of Stockholm, ought to have known that you can't monkey with a main gas pipe. And so it was probably all up with her, and she was marked for life. Out in the court the Tennberg's maid was walking around in her new Christmas jacket—humming away. Her lover had broken with her at Christmas, but my Lord, she'd get another one all right. Perhaps she already had another. But I, thought the girl, amid hot tears, can never think of another lover. It would be best for me if I could die.

But this careless expression had a more serious significance for her than for all those who use it thoughtlessly. For she knew what it meant; she had already died once. And then she had had company at that. Oh, tightly, tightly she and the barber had clung to each other! Much of what had happened that night she had forgotten, but she could still feel the barber's hard, frightened grip, the weight of his unconscious body, and the chilling and horrible realization—before the gas numbed her—that he had passed on before her, that her arms could not hold him and that he had got a headstart into eternity.

Could she reach him now? She didn't know; he had left her so alone. Would she dare follow him and find out?

She shuddered at the thought. But still, when she saw all the dishes in front of her and reflected that people would begin to look and whisper now; when she thought how she had lied about herself to the girl in the Christmas jacket, saying things which the girl would throw up to her now; how cowardly the young gentleman was—then she thought it would be easier to die. If she had no choice between death and this life at Perlgren's, death must lose some of its sting. Or, at least, some of its power. While she stood there weighing the pros and cons, one of Miss Perlgren's expensive old teacups happened to slip out of her hand in such a way that two cups were crushed at the same time. Now the scales of death began to weigh heavily. She just stood staring stiffly ahead of her until she heard the young student whistle as he put on his coat and went out. And he was to



wipe the dishes! Dishes, indeed. Now she had no shield between herself and the anger of Miss Perlgren.

With streaming tears she made her preparations. She wrote on a note to her mistress: "Pardon, but I can't stay, ma'am, you know why." Then she laid five crowns for damages inside one of the broken cups and picked her poor belongings into a cheap net bag. She must have enough money for a ticket to Stockholm. For safety she took back the five crowns. She had to go there, to the barber's grave. And then? Well, it wouldn't do any harm to find out at that cabaret what they wanted of her.

Fate was for some unaccountable reason always against her. It sent Soneson into a cigar store just when their paths otherwise would have crossed on Storgatan. Otherwise she would have found out that he came from the choresman, who was to begin that very morning. Otherwise Soneson would surely have stopped her and taken her along home, telling her on the way how, in the parlor, he had opened his aunt's eyes to new points of view as to the relation between classes and human beings. "Nowadays, you see, Aunt," he had said, "every girl child in the humblest cot is born with this question on her lips: Why should I wait on Miss Perlgren? Why doesn't she do it herself? Now, Aunt, of course you would have liked to monopolize Amalia for eternity, for *Alle Lust will Ewigkeit*; or better still, you would have liked to see new and brisk examples of the old-fashioned servant born constantly in future. But that is a futile wish. So you will have to change tactics."

But now Aina passed by with her bag while Soneson, with his back to the street, joked with the girl at the cigar counter, who had a much happier past.

And when Miss Perlgren came out into the kitchen with good resolutions, Aina had already disappeared, and it didn't take much reasoning power to understand that she had run away forever.

"And I have Rolf here, but of course that didn't trouble her," she complained. "What shall I do now? How long do eggs cook?"

She was walking about the apartment, picking at things in despair, when her nephew came back.

"Where can she have gone?" she complained.

Fate continued to persecute Aina. For it took the young man five minutes to figure out that he ought to go down to the station. And meanwhile the train whistled.

"The deuce, the train," he exclaimed, pressing his winter cap on his head before hurrying out.

On the way he glanced hastily into the maid's room.

"She took along her hope of eternity," he said.

"Took what?" asked Miss Perlgren, startled, and began to look around to see if anything was gone. But she missed nothing.



# Blind Anders

By OLAV DUUN

*Translated from the Norwegian by PHILLIPS DEAN CARLETON*

IT WAS dusk one evening at Haberg in Christmas time. The whole household was assembled by the fire, it was so cold and blowy outside—and they had Christmas visitors. They sat in the half-dusk and talked in low tones or lapsed into silence. Old Anders sat on the woodbox by the side of the stove, after they had finally persuaded him to come out of his bedroom. He held his stick quiet for a long time, and so they knew that he would either soon creep off to bed, or he would clear his throat and give them a story. They had to sit and wait for whatever should come. If Anders spun yarns about his own times they would be pleased because every word would be true and known; and if he told about the old times, Ol-Paalsa's time or Blaafjell-Anders' time, they would be just as pleased, for then he lied so bravely that it stuck like nails in the wall.

It grew stiller and stiller in the room as one after another kept a silence in expectancy; one could hear only the fire in the stove, and the clock, or the wind that crept about the house-eaves.

Anders yawned once or twice and then began:

"Why don't you sing a verse, you young ones? We sang when we were young, and we knew many songs, but there's no life in you. Not that we could really sing—far from it. There are few who can. But one or another of us had the gift; he could sing you away into the black fjells or clean off onto the cold sea. Others could do the same thing with their playing. You must have heard of such things." Anders yawned again and stroked his beard. "Such things you've heard of. But you haven't heard of Blind Anders. They call me Blind Anders, but that's wrong. There's been one of that name before my time, even before Blaafjell-Anders' time. The old folk tell the story this way:

"Once there were a man and his wife who broke new land and built far to the east in the wasteland. They hadn't moved there for their own good, however; they'd done wrong. There were two lads who were after the same lass, and she didn't know which way to turn; she wanted both of them. Finally they met one night, either at her house or on the way there, and they fell to at once. It was a brisk battle, but at last one got the other under him—and then he did a coward's trick: he stuck his fingers in the other's eyes and gouged them blind. Then he went home and climbed into bed. The other never got his sight back. He wouldn't say a word about what had happened, but it came out, none the less, and the one who had done it had to take to the woods. He lived in the wastelands like an animal for many years.

"Well, believe it or not, one day the girl was gone. She had intended to take the one who was blind, and her parents approved—and others, too. They thought it was very fine of her. They searched and searched after her; they wouldn't believe what they thought. But it was really so. She'd run off to the woods to the outlaw. Afterwards she said she couldn't get him out of her thoughts. Everybody was against him—and how was he getting on? Nobody could get her to come home again.

It looked as though those two in the woods had luck with them. They built up a thriving farm and didn't have to seek favors from any one. They had a boy, a very beautiful one, whom they called Anders. But vengeance hadn't forgotten them, even though it had waited long. One day the mother saw for certain that the boy was blind. She went to the church with him, had him baptized and blessed, and offered bright money, too, but he didn't get his sight.

That winter the man who had been blinded died. He'd revenged himself, folk said. And not long after, he who had done the deed followed the same way. He went down onto an ice-bound lake with skis on. When his wife found him, a fortnight afterward, he lay with only his head above the ice, and the birds of prey had pecked out both his eyes. His wife sledded him into town and had him buried in holy ground. And then she took her full punishment. The whole congregation shrank away from her. She looked them over as they stood there; she saw her mother, and friends, and relatives. But they stood like a wall against her. The sexton and the sheriff had to come forward to make up the four men who bore the body to the grave.

"Later on her parents were sorry for her and went after her. But when they called to her and asked her to come home with them, she looked at them for the last time and said, 'No, now it is too late!' They regretted their harshness all their days.

"So she lived alone with the blind boy and managed somehow to feed and clothe them both. And the boy never knew that he was blind; he was happy and pleased with life and lay and sang to himself, until one day an old woman came and begged for food. Some said she was a Lapp woman, and some said she was a gipsy. But whatever she was, it was certain she had special gifts. She had a couple of young ones with her, but she didn't allow them to come in with her. She looked at Anders. 'So he's blind,' she said. The mother told him to go out and play with the others, and out he rushed. They ran across the yard, jumping and skipping, and he followed. But he stumbled over a stone and fell. His mother came out and dried his nose-bleed.

"'But why are the others so much quicker?' he wondered. 'How could the others know that the stone was there?'

"'Why,' said his mother, 'they didn't know, either.'

"'Is it because I am blind?' he asked.

"'When the mother began to cry, the beggar woman spoke up. 'He'll get his sight again in time.'

"'Then a miracle must happen,' said the mother.

"'Then a miracle shall happen,' said the other, 'and it'll be a lucky one for him.' She gave thanks for the food and went her way.

"'Such great happiness is hardly due me,' sighed the mother after her.

"Anders grew silent after that time—would sit all day long and do nothing. He was about five or six then. Now and again as he walked across the floor or the yard, he stumbled over something and fell. His mother cried every time she saw it happen. Then he would come to her as though he knew she was heavy-hearted for his sake, and would say, 'I'll get my sight back, Mother.'

"One evening in the summer, he sat out on the hillside as he loved to do. He listened to the cowbells away off in the forest and heard the birds sing; and he heard much that other people didn't. Then his mother noticed that he sang. It was the first time that he had sung since the old woman had been there. At first the singing was no different from what she was accustomed to hear, but later on it grew more and more melodious, and she thought she had never heard any one sing so beautifully. She had sung often for him and for herself as well as she could, but this singing was not like hers. It was new and strange.

"'How did you learn to sing like that, Anders?' she said.

"'He was silent. He kept silent for a long time. Then he turned to her and said, 'Now I see, Mother.'

"'Yes, poor lad, you see in your fashion,' she said.

"'I see with all my body,' he said. 'I see the wood and the lake and the sunshine and how it warms. Everything is beautiful. Oh, it is beautiful,' he said.

"After that he often sang when he was by himself; he'd rather that she shouldn't hear him. And he talked less and less. She had to go to the village now and then, and she was gone all the day and far into the night. Anders sat home and sang. She told of it in the village to those that she talked with. The words he learned from her, for the most part, but the melodies were his own. 'God knows where he gets them from,' she said.

"About that time, more and more folk began to move out into the wasteland. They rowed in along the lake and found plenty of room farther in. Still farther in they set up saters. But even from them it was far to where Anders and the widow lived. Then there also came a great man on the move. Some said he was a priest who had gone a little queer in the head; there was something in the Scriptures that

he couldn't explain. Others said that he was an overseer who had lost his job by being a bit too faithful. Anyway, whatever he was, it's sure he was not like other people. He bought the sæter farthest in, built a house, and lived there. He had a daughter with him, but no one knew if he had a wife and children elsewhere.

"Anders told his mother that he heard people talking and moving about far off some place. 'Quite a bustle off there,' he said. She couldn't hear, no matter how hard she listened, but she knew whence the noise came.

"Time passed—summers and winters—and now Anders was about seventeen years old. No miracle had happened, and Anders was blind still, though he believed he saw everything that was around him. People called him 'Blind-Anders.'

"It was seldom that they met and talked with folk out there. People shunned it as though an odor of pestilence hung about the place. Children who wandered there, picking berries or searching for strayed animals, were half afraid of the blind boy because he looked so queerly at them. And the worst was that he often said, 'I'm blind, I am, but I'll get my sight back. A miracle is going to happen.'

"But one day as he sat and sang, the daughter of the new-comer was out picking berries. Her name was Lina, and everybody who had seen her told of how beautiful she was. She had a face like an angel, said one. Easily that, said another. She couldn't keep away from Anders' song; she came nearer and nearer, till at last she sat down on a stone near him and forgot herself. After a little he turned toward her and sang more and more warmly. She felt queer, for he sat and watched her with his blind eyes and sang to her alone. And suddenly the song stopped, and Anders smiled at her and said, 'I know that you're there. Can't you come nearer?' She came nearer; she sat down beside him and wanted him to sing more. But he wouldn't; he had to stop for that time, but he begged her to sit on the other side of the little valley another day when he could perhaps find the melody again. She sat on the other side of the valley many days after that, and one day, unasked, she sat down beside him. 'You can leave off singing if only I may sit here beside you,' she said. That was all right, he said, if he might only see her, might see her face with his fingers. He might, she said.

"'How beautiful you are,' he said! I knew that somewhere there was somebody like you. I know so many things.'

"From that time she could hardly keep away from him. And Anders was glad; his mother thought that gladness flowed from him like light. She could hardly recognize him, but he said nothing about it, and she said nothing about it, either. Then Lina said suddenly one day, 'I'm so fond of you, Anders. May I stay here with you?' He looked toward his mother, who had heard the question, and she said that so it



should be—she was at her wits' end what to do. Lina said that she would work and drudge for all she was worth if only she might stay there. Her father had an ill-tempered woman at home now; so no one would miss her there, and just lately a stranger had come and talked with her father about her. He wanted to marry her. He was a big, handsome man, but she had run away from him.

"Lina was fine and delicate, but she learned to milk goats, to cut hay; she went to the woods of a winter's day, she was so much in love with Anders. His mother spoke of it in the village; it was wonderful to see them; they lived together like brother and sister. The bright sun of happiness shone about them. Anders spoke continually about the great event of his life—when his sight should be restored. But they almost cried when he spoke of it; the thing was so impossible, and yet he believed in it so passionately. 'Then we'll get married,' he said. 'And oh, the many things that I'll see! I'll see you.'

"Lina was with them two years. She never told Anders much of the outside world, and he didn't ask about much. But she told him of the fjells about them, of the animals and the trees and the birds, but more often of the lights that shifted from object to object and changed from time to time. She talked on so that Anders stretched out his arms after the things and was pale with excitement. She taught him songs, and when she was not with him, Anders sang. People thought he could lure them to him with his singing.

"One day she came back from a visit to her father who had been ill. She looked ill herself! she had run so fast across the hills from her home. She grasped Anders by the hands and wept. She had heard of a wonder-doctor in the far south who could cure all kinds of sickness and do one other thing—he could give folk back their sight! Anders took the news calmly; he only smiled. It was too far away; it would be better to wait for another miracle. But Lina insisted that she would go and earn money, a lot of money, for they'd have to travel a great deal. Then she'd come back and take Anders with her, and they'd travel to the wonder-doctor.

"And so she went off. She was gone long—for years. They thought that she would never come again. When at last she did come, she was almost worn out; she must have suffered much hardship. 'Don't ask me,' she said when they wanted to know where she had been and how things had been with her. 'I've earned the money, a whole pouch full. See here!'

"She took Anders with her. When she saw them go, his mother wept both from sorrow and from gladness; but her father swore at her and cursed her.

"They hardly dared touch the money—that was for the doctor—but they got forward after a fashion. She led him from village to village, and begged shelter from kindly folk, and Anders sang.



"At last they reached their journey's end. The wonder-doctor took Anders into an inner room with him and they stayed there for a long time. Of what he did with him further, Anders said nothing, and he didn't know much about it either, except that he went to bed with a bandage over his eyes. The day after, the doctor came and quickly slipped the bandage off, and he was allowed to look around the room.

"Lina hadn't been in bed that night, but had held watch over Anders. Now she had dressed herself as a bride, but she didn't dare ask if he saw.

"'Everything swims around before me,' he said.

"The next day he was allowed more time to look around. Lina sat there in her finest dress. 'What is it like?' she asked.

"'It's queer,' he answered. He didn't look at her.

"The third day, the doctor took Anders out with him. 'Now you can see the world,' he said. And Anders saw.

"He sat down. He said nothing! 'Do you see anything, Anders?' asked Lina. And those who stood around asked him the same question: Did he see? He turned from side to side; then he sat still and stared in front of him for a moment.

"'Yes, I surely see now,' he said.

"'Thanks be to God!' they said.

"'Isn't it beautiful?' asked Lina.

"'I didn't think it was going to be this way,' was all he replied.

"'But won't you look at me, Anders?' she pleaded in a thin voice from where she sat. Anders turned and looked at her. She had never before dressed herself as she had to-day. The others had never seen anything more beautiful even in the king's palace. He kept silent. And it seemed to those who watched that she faded from before him as dreams fade when one awakens.

"'Anders!' she cried.

"'Yes, I see you,' he said. 'But I didn't think that you were like this.'

"They had to carry her in.

"Anders got up and walked down across the meadow; he'd forgotten both Lina and the others. He walked and walked, unsteady as a blind man in his gait, but he kept on going and was soon far away. He didn't look toward the town; he gazed only toward the forest which drew him into it. When he came out, he looked easier in mind. He went inside and found Lina, who sat and cried. He asked if she had paid the doctor. 'Don't cry,' he said; 'it's not pretty to watch people cry.' She got up and went in to the doctor with the money. But he would take only half of it.

"Then she said, 'You must take every shilling! I've earned them dearly enough and they can't be used for anything else.'

"So he had to take them. When she came out, she smiled at

Anders, and he laughed. 'People are beautiful, anyway. The whole world *is* beautiful if one looks at it in the right way.'

"Lina was so glad that she could have cried for joy. And she said so to him.

"'Yes,' said he, 'and I think that I'll be happy, really happy.'

"'That you must be,' she answered.

"'Promise me one thing,' he said: 'that you'll go home to Mother and tell her that I see now. Just like any one else, you must say.'

"'And what about you?' she asked.

"'I must see the world first, and then I'll come home,' he replied. 'It seems as if voices called me from all sides. I don't know what it's all about.'

"'But you won't be long?' she cried anxiously. 'I can't stay alone in the wasteland without you with me.'

"He promised that he would come tolerably soon, and thanked her nicely for all she had done for him.

"'Wouldn't it be better if it were all undone?' she asked.

"'We don't know anything about it yet,' he said, 'any more than a child, new-born to the world.' He talked like a new man. He kissed her on the forehead and bade her farewell.

"Thereupon each took his way."

\* \* \*

"Lina abode in the wasteland with his mother. She was there eight years. The mother was old and feeble, and at last had to take to her bed. And often she grumbled at Lina because she had taken her boy away from her. Sometimes she even entreated Lina to go out into the world again and find him: 'You must marry while I'm living,' she said.

"'He's but a child now,' said Lina: 'he must grow and look around.'

"In this faith lived Lina, and in this faith died his mother. She spoke at the last of all that Anders saw, and hoped that now he was happy and grown up.

"Nothing is said of what Anders saw in his travel, but it must have been most of the world. He learned to sing as those do who really can, and he sang so that praises of him went among the folk. He sang in the cities and for great people. He was in many lands. At last he came home again. He traveled both night and day at the last because he yearned for home so. It was no use for people in the villages to stop him and ask him questions. And he didn't stop to ask any, either.

"But when at last he came home, Lina lay in bed. An old woman was taking care of her, or she would have been dead long since.

"'Is that you, Anders?' said Lina when she knew him again.

"He stood in the middle of the floor. 'Is this the way it is here?' he said at last.

"'Yes, I can do no more now,' she answered.

"'I was too long away, then,' he said.

"'I knew that you would be long away,' she said. 'I knew that there was much to see. Wasn't it fine?' she asked.

"'I saw one thing that I remember and that I see here now,' he said.

"'What was that?' she wanted to know.

"'That I should come back to you,' he answered.

"'She asked if he was not glad to have his sight.

"'I got my sight back, and I lost you; I think that was a bad trade,' he said.

"'I thought that *you* would be happy,' she sighed.

"'Then Anders said: 'It's no use trying to trade your way through life. No one will ever be richer that way.'

"'Afterward he sat by her bed and waited for her to get well. He prayed to God about it. 'You mustn't do that,' she said. 'Remember that it doesn't do to trade your way through life.' She wanted to hear about everything he had seen in the wide world, and Anders sat and told and told. It was like the old days except that now it was Anders who talked and she who was blind—she had seen so little in her journey. 'Now I see everything,' she said; 'now I'm happy.'

"'Lina became worse and worse—she lay there white as chalk. People came there to see her, and they saw quickly enough how things stood. Anders was the only one who didn't see. One morning when he awoke in his chair, she was stiff. He spoke to her; he called on her to answer. He was wild with grief; he ordered Our Lord to change what he saw. It was terrible to hear—so horrible that the old woman was nearly scared out of the house. Then he himself went out.

"'It was a bright summer morning out-doors, but the old woman thought that it was dark around the house. The cuckoo was silent in the forest, and the tree tops shuddered. And it was no wonder, she said afterwards, for there outside the door stood Anders, beside himself and blasphemed against Our Lord. He cursed the sight that he had received; he cursed himself. 'Why didn't you tell me how terrible it would be?' he screamed.

"'At that instant it thundered as it had never before thundered in the wasteland. It was as if heaven and earth were cleft. And the lightning struck down through the air like a great blue flame. 'I expected that,' said the old woman. She said the same when she came out of the house and saw Anders stretched at full length on the ground. She thought that he was stone dead; he had earned it. But he had only been struck unconscious. It took him a long time to come to himself, and when he did it was clear that he was quite blind and couldn't even see his hand before his face. He never saw her

again. That's what the lightning bolt had done—He that had given sight had taken it away again.

"And east there in the wasteland lived Anders blind for many years just as I am now. That's why he was called Blind Anders. He was blinder than when he first came into the world.

"So it is told from first to last. If They lie, then I lie."

\* \* \*

They sat silent for awhile in the dusk. Then Aasel, his daughter who was wife in the house, spoke up: "What stuff for an old man like you to talk about! But there does seem to be a moral to the ending."

"A moral?" laughed the old man. "What do you want with a moral?" Answer me that. There's always a moral in what's told. At least there was in the old days. But we didn't just sit and spin yarns then. We took part in almost everything that went on. I'll tell you a bit about it when the time comes."

## Two Poems by Gustaf Fröding

*Translated from the Swedish by VAUGHN FRANCIS MEISLING*

### THE WAY OF THE WORLD

**T**HE waters seethed, the tempest roared,  
The billow tore its greenish weed.  
"A man, sir, is washed overboard!"  
"Indeed!"

"His life, sir, may be rescued still!"  
The briny spray the air did fill.  
"A line will reach him, flung with speed!"  
"Indeed!"

The billow tore its greenish weed.  
"He's sinking, sir. Ah, now he's gone!"  
"Indeed!"  
The waters seethed, the gale went on.

### THE IDEAL

**T**HE ideal is this, the ideal is that,  
Now like Saint Joe, now like Saint Pat,  
Now it is red, now it is blue,  
Like to the sky, of manifold hue;  
The ideal is heavy, the ideal is light;  
Hoary with age, sprung up over night;  
The ideal is love, the ideal is hate,  
The ideal is Tolstoy's or Nietzsche's prate . . .

*I think it is best that thou hast thine,  
As I have mine.*



# A Fisher Nest

By HENRIK PONTOPPIDAN

*Translated from the Danish by JULIANE SARAUE*

**F**AR OUT by the open sea there was a poor little fisher-hamlet—ten small, black, wooden huts. Half buried in the sand, the string of low houses crept like a caterpillar behind the high, naked sand-down over which the breakers scattered their foam.

On calm summer days, while the sun was melting the tar out of the timber walls and heating the sand till it glowed and burned under the feet, the little hamlet would sometimes expand in its solitude with a beauty as ephemeral as that of a butterfly bursting its chrysalis and hovering on bright wings above the desolation of its usual dreary existence. On the downs wet fishing nets sagged from row upon row of high poles. On the beach below, crowds of half naked, noisy children played, and here and there sun-burned women in scarlet skirts squatted around a fire in the sand, boiling pitch.

But at the first equinoctial storm, when the clouds came low down over the desolate, sand-swept hills, when the big white sea-gulls huddled together in the rolling surf, and the wind-chafed dunes foamed like driven snow, then the little hamlet would again hide behind the down. Loopholes and hatches were closed, and the doors barred; even the smoke would not rise from the openings in the black-burned buildings, but hung timidly over the roofs. Day after day the little fisher-colony seemed plunged in a heavy sleep, while great flakes of white foam were carried past it on the wind.

But sometimes on dark nights it happened that, through the roar of the sea breaking against the shore, another sound could be heard—a door was opened against the wind, but instantly forced back and closed by the storm. A man crawled up the slope of the down, and, holding one hand behind his ear, lay flat on the ground to listen. After a while another man came and lay down beside him. A few drowsy words, punctured by hours of silence, passed between them.

Then, suddenly, they both rose and, running quickly toward the houses, knocked at a door in one place, at a shutter in another, and everywhere they called out the same word.

In a moment, square-shouldered men with bearded faces emerged from the darkness. Clad in heavy, stiff cloaks, they moved about without speaking, busying themselves with ropes, ladders, and boat-hooks. At last they gathered around a little horn lantern and marched in a troop toward the east, behind the downs.

Here and there in an open door appeared the head and bust of a half naked woman with her hair hanging in disorder around her shoulders; but as soon as the men disappeared, the doors were closed—



and again nothing was heard but the never ceasing, hollow roar of the sea.

A moment later a flame rose against the black sky, high up in the sand-hills to the east. It was a lighted pitch torch from which dark, red sparks were flying over the country.

An hour or two passed.

Suddenly a shriek of many voices is heard from the sea. In the same moment the torch is extinguished. All is darkness.

But out there in the breakers it is as if the gale had gathered all its force and risen in its wildest strength. It sounds like the flapping wings of a giant bird in distress. Near the shore a ship's cables are broken, there is a commotion on deck, and the sound of a loud, commanding voice is drowned in a confused shouting from many men mingled with the piercing, agonized cry of a woman.

Under the dune by the sea the stocky little men are sitting in a circle, gathered around the lantern which throws a ruddy glow over the sand and the bearded faces. They sit in quiet expectation, folding their hands around their raised knees or resting their heads on their hands, as if asleep.

No one speaks. Now and then, when the woman's cry of anguish and the monotonous howling of the sailors fighting in the rigging becomes heartrending, they look stealthily at each other and try to smile. An old fellow, the last in the line, steals away and mutters something over a rosary which he has managed to pull out of his jacket.

Then there comes a moment when the sea seems to rise and, trembling, gathers all its strength. A series of rolling, thundering sounds like reports of distant cannon is heard on land. Then all is silent. Not a cry.

But soon the seething waters between the dunes and the sea are filled with broken wreckage tossed about and whirled around as in a boiling caldron. Something is washed ashore; other things are carried away again by the waves or crushed on the spot. A big piece of the mast with a rope attached to it is thrown on land, and a cry is heard from a shipwrecked man who is clinging to it.

He is saved.

But in the same moment he is stabbed with a knife in his side, and falls backward. The men surround him, and the lantern is put close to his face, as he sinks feebly on the sand with a last startled gaze.

"It's wine!" mutters the man who holds the lantern, after looking at the dark hair and olive skin of the dying sailor.

The others nod approvingly. A bandy-legged little fellow bends down and fumbles at the clothes of the stranger and examines the glittering ear-rings in his ears. To make sure that he will not revive, he stabs him again, and leaving him with a deep, oozing wound in his side, he waddles toward the sea.

Here his comrades are busy saving wreckage out of the surf with hooks and rope. When the morning slowly dawns over the sea in a cold, gray mist, barrels of wine and broken planks are pulled ashore. As fast as the waves carry them toward the beach, the dead bodies are hauled on land and plundered. Boxes and cases with colored silk goods are broken open and examined.

While this is going on, the women from the fisher-huts bring hot beer in big, wooden pitchers which circulate among the men. Trembling in the morning cold, they crowd together on the edge of the dune, and with a greedy flash in their eyes, they glance at the wealth heaped together there.

Toward noon, when there is nothing more to save, and when the naked corpses have been buried carefully under the sand, the barrels are rolled into the huts with great merriment, and the big, wooden pitchers are placed on the tables. The men and women, the latter clad in silk dresses, sit down on benches around them, and day after day the little fisher-hamlet abandons itself to a wild intoxication, singing and rioting through the long, dark nights, while sand and white foam-flakes are whirling past.

\* \* \*

But all this belongs to a very remote age, far, far back in time. The saga of the fisher-hamlet is almost forgotten to-day, up there in the desolate solitude, where year after year sea and sand have effaced and levelled, smoothed and buried everything.

It may happen, however, on fine summer evenings when the sun is setting in blood-red clouds, throwing a fiery glow over the sea, that a respectable head of a family, who is taking a pleasure trip through this beautiful part of the country, will stop before a wreck on the beach half washed away by the sea, and lost in admiration at the sight, will repeat the tales of the bloody scenes and nightly terrors of that remote age while his children listen attentively.

As he explains this, he shows them the solidly built life-boat station on the dune, or he points to the east, toward the narrow, flat peninsula, where the high lighthouse proudly rises toward the sky as a last stronghold of the land.

In time the downs, too, have been influenced by civilization, and long, straight lines of lymegrass and sea reed have been planted as a protection against the flying sand. Stretches of light brown heather and peaceful moors are now seen among the dunes, where the fox abides on silent summer nights.

The fisher-hamlet itself, which has kept its strange, caterpillar shape, is now a thriving village, with a church and a clergyman, with merchants and an inn, with many small houses, whose tile-covered roofs appear more intensely red among the greenish white sand-hills.

On quiet summer days, when the sun melts the tar in the few remain-

ing old wooden huts, and heats the sand till it burns under the feet, the village again unfolds itself in its solitude, as it did in bygone days. It spreads over the dunes, with black poles and nets and drying fish, with noisy crowds of bare-legged children on the beach, and sunburned women in scarlet skirts who crouch in the sand around a steaming kettle, peeling potatoes.

Along the shore painters are sitting—one behind the other—under large, yellow umbrellas like frogs under mushrooms. Poets with long hair and notebooks are seen everywhere, while in the village crowds of tourists eagerly observe this unfamiliar scene and the interesting primitive life of its inhabitants.

Toward noon the heat grows oppressive. There is no air stirring. From the stifling heat a white haze rises and hangs over the village.

Outside the houses, ducks, pigs, and children are asleep on the glaring sand. Heavy and sleepy looking women with bare legs and half-fastened dresses are passing in and out, glancing sullenly toward a small door in one of the tiny houses where a young tourist with a mosquito veil around his hat is joking with a group of lively fisher girls. The laughter of these young girls is soon the only sound heard in the village.

Even the bare-legged little maids who have been running around the whole morning, their skirts tucked up, splashing in the surf, are tired out and sit down in the shade, under some boats that have been hauled on land. Here they rest with hands folded in their laps and let their eyes follow the little chattering sea-birds that skim over the surface of the water and dive down to catch fish.

An elderly gentleman with a high, gray hat pushed to the back of his head, a gray dust-coat, and an immense spy-glass hanging down on his stomach, comes out on the hotel steps and with a satisfied grimace breathes the polluted air, heavy with the odor of dung and of fish rotting on the strand.

High up on the downs the fishermen are sitting, with small pipes in their mouths, mending their nets. A few among them have fallen asleep, chin on chest, but most of them are chattering, now and then looking toward the sea with a dull glance—this large, empty, milky-blue sea, lying there, quiet and shining, so hopelessly desolate that all life would have seemed extinct save for the heaving and sinking of the waves down below the beach.

Suddenly, one day, a big steamer hove in sight in the northeast. It was the *Two Brothers*, an English freighter headed toward the Kattegat, bound evidently for one of the Baltic ports. Behind it trailed for miles a streak of dense, woolly smoke, as the boat pressed on with full steam ahead.

On deck all was quiet. Soundings had just been taken with no report of shoals.

The sailors were lying in the shade on the lower deck—a mixed crew of Germans, Swedes, and Irishmen, in red-checked woolen shirts. They were sleeping face downward on the deck. The captain himself was keeping watch. He sat in his cosy little cabin on the bridge, whence he might comfortably observe the course of the ship and examine the sunny coast they were passing.

He was a little, short-necked Englishman, stuffed with beef and porter, with a face red and shining like a copper kettle. The motionless, milky eyes expressed deadly dullness. Not a line in his face moved while he was sitting there, quietly smoking a sweet-smelling shag after lunch.

But he was not alone. Sitting close to him, almost on his lap, was a young, slender woman, twisting his coarse beard with her white, quick fingers. Neither spoke. Sometimes, when the strong smoke which he was blowing unceremoniously down over her made her cough, she would mischievously pull his shaggy beard. But at the slightest impatient grumbling from this lump of flesh she would let the beard go and nestle close to him with a droll expression like a frightened kitten.

This was Little Mary. That is what she called herself. Captain Charles—if ever he deigned to speak to her at all—called her simply Mary.

The crew—who rarely saw her—the cook, and the steward, addressed her as “Miss.” And when she went for her daily walk in the afternoon, up and down the deck, quiet, erect, with English correctness, her hands in the pockets of her tightly buttoned jacket, the first mate and the sailors politely made way for her, and nothing in their manner showed that they knew all about her.

She had come on board more than two months ago at Liverpool, and Captain Charles had several times brought his fist down on the table before her, swearing that he would put her on shore in the first English port they entered and send her back to the den of misery where she belonged. But the mild summer winds and several lucky trips had made him soft. There was always an imploring glance in her eyes which he could not resist, and she had put her little hand around his neck so gently that he regularly withdrew his order, and he even felt something like a heart move beneath the fat under his vest. Mary was only seventeen.

He now rested, satiated and motionless after his lunch, and abandoned himself to daydreams. Strange fancies had come. Why should he not keep her for the rest of the summer—and perhaps for the winter, too? He might even marry the girl. He had got into the habit of having her about, and he did not like to think of being without her. Of course he would be the laughing-stock of his comrades if he really married her. And there would be a great commotion



home in Grangemouth. But why not let them laugh? As long as he was at sea he would not know. And then—Mary was only seventeen. As for her past, there was an excuse in the home she had come from. Her father was a worthless fellow who had more than once in a fit of drunkenness ill-treated and half killed her, and her mother, a dissolute old woman, had herself taught the girl her profession. Besides, Mary was only a child and hardly knew what sort of life she had been drawn into. While he was lost in this revery, and Mary amused herself by letting her head rest on his chest, rocked up and down by his breathing, they suddenly felt a few light shocks through the ship, and a moment later it stopped, while the stamping of the machinery increased to a furious speed.

Captain Charles's heavy body was alert in a moment. Throwing Mary off, he rushed out of the door with an oath, made the machine stop, and bent over the railing of the bridge. Yes—to be sure! The ship had stopped. Through the clear, glassy green water pebbles and shells were shining down on the sandy shoal which they had struck quite softly.

His face, which for a moment had been colorless, turned purple, but after having looked along the ship's side, and after having, as he thought, made sure that no harm was done, he turned to the crew, who had come running from all parts of the ship, looked over the railing, and reassured them with a calm "All right."

"Half speed!—back—half speed!" he called out to the engineers.

And when the machine again began to work he walked up and down the bridge several times, puffing violently at his shag-pipe, to get over his fright.

But the ship did not move. Not even at his command "Full speed back!" did it move. However much the machine puffed and heaved, however black and angry the smoke gushed out of the smoke-stack, the heavy ship did not stir. It only groaned a little at the exertion with a clattering noise of iron.

Meanwhile the catastrophe had been noticed on shore by a painter and some fishermen who posed for him, standing in the shallow water dressed in heavy sea-boots and pulling their nets. A hurried message was sent to the slumbering city to wake the people from their siesta.

And now there was a stir. At first one by one, then in crowds, the men came sauntering across the dunes with laughter gurgling in their stomachs, while the women and children invaded the highest part of the dune behind the village and from this vantage point, shading their eyes with their hands, looked steadily toward the north. Everywhere people were hurrying over the sand, shouting and beckoning to each other from a distance. The stranding commissioner and the police officer were passing in an open carriage, and all the tourists had left the lunch table of the inn in haste to rush toward the

stranding place. The man in the high, gray hat was ahead of the others, using his long legs like stilts. A napkin, which in the confusion he had pushed into his pocket, was hanging out behind.

The whole town stirred with feverish commotion. People paused before the front doors to ask questions or explain. But it was not till it became known as an incontestable fact that the ship was stuck, solidly stuck, in the sand, that the anxiety gave way to a stormy mirth, which extended even to the children and made them run up and down the streets, shouting "Hurrah." The merchant jumped up on the office chair, and with a smile he ordered the big cask of whisky to be brought up from the cellar. Neighbors and friends called on each other, and everywhere there was a smell of coffee. Even old folks and cripples who could scarcely walk hobbled on till they reached the top of the nearest dune, where they revelled in the sight of the big, smoking sea-monster lying out there, groaning and struggling to free itself.

In front of the place where the steamer had run ashore, the beach was black with people, and around the steamer—it was stuck several hundred yards from land, on the third reef—there was a gathering of boats from the salvage corporation, shouting to the captain whenever he showed himself on the bridge.

Captain Charles, however, pretended not to see or hear anything of this. Through the first mate he had forbidden all strangers to board his ship and obstinately refused all offers of help. He ordered his own big boat to be lowered and had some men row two anchors away from the ship, tugging with strong chains at the rear bar. The engineers had been given orders to increase the steam, and even to go as far as the red line; for off they must.

While this was going on, he walked up and down the bridge, his hands in the pockets of his jacket, or he sat in the cabin on the bridge, drinking straight whisky out of a big beer glass. Mary's round cat's eyes followed his every movement and watched anxiously the expression of his red face. A few times she had ventured to approach him, but with a snarl he had pushed her away violently.

At last the two anchors were cast. Again the machine began to work, the steam whirled, and the chains tightened, but the ship did not move an inch; it only sank deeper into the sand after each vain attempt.

The group on the shore grew larger, and the number of boats on the water kept increasing. Fishermen from the remotest part of the peninsula and from a neighboring village toward the south were dragging their boats along the shore. At last a whole fleet of small vessels gathered around the stranded steamer, pushing each other, and paddling along with shouts and laughter. They were especially interested in guessing at the kind of cargo the ship might carry.

Cotton or iron would make the biggest salvage money, and that was what they hoped for. It could hardly be coal, as no apparatus for unloading could be seen.

At some distance from the others lay a six-oar boat carrying the stranding commissioner. He was a portly, thick-set man, who tried to look at the whole scene with an air of sublime indifference. In reality no one could be more interested in the value of cargo and ship than he, as he had—through his mere presence—a legal claim to one half percent of the salvage sum.

The customs officer, a fat man with gold-rimmed glasses, approached in another boat and saluted him.

"What do you think of this, consul?" he said, and laughed in his fiery red beard which seemed to be ablaze in the sun. "To run ashore in the middle of the day and in this kind of weather. If that is not a present!" The stranding commissioner shrugged his shoulders, a movement that might be interpreted in any way.

"I suppose it is iron," the officer continued. "Anyhow, that is what people say."

"Heaven knows!" the other answered with an almost priestly solemnity, and looked into the air. "She looks like a coal steamer—English, of course."

The customs officer laughed again.

"English, yes. And as tough and tenacious as English beef. Can you understand, consul, how it is possible that he still hopes to get off?"

"Well, now—he may still succeed," the commissioner answered with a delusive expression of Christian sympathy. Only in the corners of his mouth the play of muscles betrayed the anxiety of his soul.

"Pardon me, gentlemen, is it true, what they say that the salvage-steamer has been telegraphed for?" It was the man with the gray silk hat. He had hired a boat with four seasoned old fishermen and, trembling with excitement, he was sitting in the stern with the spy-glass in his hand. "Can it really be so?" he continued, as no one answered. "I was told that, according to a reliable report, the boat was expected here."

"Yes, she may be here in a moment," said the consul, looking toward the east.

And there, coming from the south, around the peninsula, appeared a small steamer. The consul gave a signal to his sailors, and the oars dipped into the water. A few minutes later the boat was at the side of the stranded ship.

He made himself known to the first mate and asked if help was wanted. Captain Charles, who from his cabin on the bridge had seen the little steamer stop and anchor at some distance, answered "No." "No," he repeated with clenched teeth, bringing his first down on the

table. The mate hesitated before taking this answer. A whisky bottle was standing before the captain, and he had emptied the third glass.

The consul left and rowed away at once toward land.

Some hours passed. The crowd kept increasing, as the women came and brought food for their husbands. They camped on the sand. The whisky bottles were circulating. All were hilarious, as if celebrating a national festival.

Toward sunset the surface of the sea suddenly ruffled, and the boats still lying around the ship began to rock. As yet there were no clouds to be seen, but there was a strange, dim look about the sun, and the sea seemed to rise out there against the horizon.

A quarter of an hour passed, and the sea grew so rough that the boats had to seek land. The men pushed them on shore by stemming their shoulders against the sides, and the women began to seek shelter under the large prows.

Now the sky was hidden by clouds, and the winds increased in strength, so that the position of the ship became critical. It was lying in the breakers with its broad-side turned toward the sea, which already began to pound against it. From the shore one could see how one white-crested wave after the other splashed over the gunwale.

Those of the spectators on the seashore who were provided with telescopes suddenly noticed that there was a great activity on board. The sailors were running to and fro on deck. A boat was lowered, and the clattering of an anchor chain was heard. It was clear that a last decisive attempt would be made. Huge masses of smoke with showers of sparks rolled out against the dark sky, and then the crew began to work.

It looked quite ghastly seen from the shore. Some of the women began to wail. But for this, it was very quiet on land now. Toward the northwest a blood-red sun was setting behind large masses of dark clouds.

Then the machine suddenly stopped again. After a long delay, they saw through the growing darkness how the flag of distress was slowly hoisted. At the same time a feeble, long-winded and hoarse signal was heard from the steam whistle.

"She's crying now," they said, and they laughed.

The eight-oar boat of the district had been brought and was pushed into the sea, with the stranding commissioner and the attorney who had to accredit the salvage conditions with the seal of the law. There was still a third person seated in the boat, a thin little man in a grey cloak, holding his hat with his black-gloved left hand. It was the agent of the salvage company, who had been landed by the small steamer, directly after its arrival, and who, since then, had been on the shore.



The gale had almost blown up a storm, yet the skilled crew led the boat through the waves, with steady strokes of the oars, and twenty minutes later the three officials were put on board. The first mate received them and led them below deck into the officers' mess. Here Captain Charles was sitting, much intoxicated, behind a table over which a lamp was hanging. The light, thrown back from the inside of a white painted tin shade, was falling on the mahogany table-top, the rest of the room was left in a greenish twilight.

He received the strangers without any greeting and asked shortly how much it would cost.

The agent of the salvage company asked permission to look over the shipping-papers. When they were brought and he had learned the value of the cargo, the age of the ship, the amount of the insurance, etc., he answered: "Six thousand pounds."

A convulsive shock passed through the frame of Captain Charles. It was as if his intoxication suddenly left him, and he became sober again. Then a strange, proud smile of despair played around his bluish-white lips.

"I see," he said half to himself.

There was silence for a few minutes. The sea was knocking against the side of the ship, right at the Captain's back, and in there in the narrow room, the chafing of the waves had a strange, hollow, and ghostly sound. The young attorney, who was not yet accustomed to these scenes, grew paler and paler and looked toward the door. Over their heads on deck heavy boots were tramping.

"Four thousand pounds," the captain said at last.

The agent shrugged his shoulders regretfully. "Impossible."

The stranding commissioner, whose duty it was to assist the captain and to look after the interests of the ship, then made an effort to mediate. But as he knew that the salvage company made it a rule never to change an estimate, and as it was to his own interest to keep the salvage sum as high as possible, he quickly turned against the captain with many sympathetic words, and in passable English tried to make him understand that on account of the increasing danger of the position in which the ship was placed, there was no other way; he would have to accept.

The agent, who quite agreed with this statement, added that, if his conditions were not accepted before an hour had elapsed, the salvage-steamer would have to return, as he, under the present circumstances, did not dare to let it remain here during the night. Besides he begged to say that only for ten minutes longer would he feel bound to the very favorable offer he had made.

Captain Charles still remained silent. He put his short, fat arms on the table and was looking from one to the other of the men with

slow, understanding nods. After the last words of the agent his pale lips quivered for a moment. Then he turned to the first mate, who had been present during the negotiations as his witness, and asked him for writing materials.

A few hours later the *Two Brothers* was tugged loose and found seaworthy. In the dark stormy night, when the lights were shining from every hut in the small village in the downs, when the people had already begun to feast on the third part of the salvage-money, when the tables of the inn and the bars of the tavern were crowded with people, the foreign steamer passed on toward the east, around the neck of land, continuing its solitary trip out across the sea.

The first mate kept the watch. Captain Charles had shut himself up in his quarters with a bottle of whisky, but without Mary. The poor child was sitting in the corner of her narrow berth in her own small cabin, looking into the darkness with her round cat's eyes. She had read her fate in the furious glance of her master when he had pushed her away in the afternoon. Her hour of freedom had passed. In the first port the ship entered he would carry out his order and send her back to the old den of misery, hunger, and dirt, to the blows of her father and the curses of her mother.

Or?

The sea is deep. The sea is merciful . . .

The next morning, when the *Two Brothers* sailed into the Sound, Mary was no longer on board.

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## William Widgery Thomas

1839—1927

THE lifelong friendship of former Minister Thomas for Sweden began as early as the Civil War, when he was war-consul at Göteborg and for his services received the special thanks of our Department of State. He will perhaps be longest remembered for his founding of New Sweden, in 1870, when as Commissioner of Immigration for Maine, he went to Sweden and brought back 51 Swedish immigrants who settled in northern Maine and formed a flourishing colony, now numbering 2,000 people. In 1883 he became Minister Resident to Sweden and Norway, a position he held till 1885. From 1889 to 1894 and again from 1897 to 1905 he was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. Upon his resignation, John Hay, then Secretary of State, wrote to him: "You have had the longest, the most distinguished, and the most useful term of service (in Sweden and Norway) than any American has ever had." His death occurred on April 24, this year.

## W. W. Thomas: a Tribute

*By* OLOF LAMM

ONCE you met him, you never forgot him. First you just saw the long whiskers adorning the characteristic head which was so firmly set on his broad shoulders. He liked you to notice them, and would tell how he had never shaved—nor smoked—during his whole long life. It was his delight when the children asked their mothers if he was Santa Claus. But really it was not the whiskers which made him resemble the symbol of Yuletide and good cheer. The eyes under their bushy brows glowed with kindness and cheerfulness; his lovable personality shone through them. His generosity knew no bounds; even some of the overflow of his own kindness of heart he seemed to be able to impart to those who met him. Small wonder then that he became one of the most beloved of men, that thousands of Americans and Swedes alike mourn the loss of the man, who seemed like an incarnation of the happy relations between their two countries.

At an age of hardly twenty years he became a representative of the United States in Sweden. The sixty-odd years which followed were spent to fulfill the pledge he gave on first seeing the shores of the country which became so dear to him. No trouble, no work, no expenditure was too big for him in his untiring efforts to tie closer the bonds between the United States and Sweden.

The grand old man of Swedish American friendship has laid down his noble head to a well-earned rest. Our appreciation of what he has done we can only show in trying to let his memory be our guiding star.



*Wide World Photos*  
W. W. THOMAS

# Charles August Lindbergh

By JAMES CREESE

**H**E IS the moment's man, the figure, winning and attractive in himself, about whom gathers dramatically all the meaning of man's new and extending conquest of the air. Presidents and kings have praised him; governments have bestowed on him their highest honors, their most prized medals of glory; flags fly for him, and cannon salute him; squadrons of airplanes, his brothers in the air, accompany him; multitudes follow him, and whole nations declare a holiday in his name.

On May 11, with scarcely a word of warning, his name unknown, Charles Lindbergh tuned up his motor at San Diego and swept into the air to St. Louis, to New York, and to Paris. Just one month later to the day, on June 11, four score airplanes (in one of which was Eric Nelson of the "round-the-world-flight"), a division of destroyers, and the mammoth dirigible *Los Angeles*, triumphantly escorted him in the cruiser *Memphis*, up the Potomac; and at the foot of the Washington obelisk the President of the United States waited to welcome him home from France. "I wonder," said Lindbergh on the bridge of the *Memphis*, "if I really deserve all this."

He has told his own story simply enough. This is the way he told it at a dinner in Paris:

"We left San Diego one evening flying over the mountains during the night, and arrived in St. Louis. Then from St. Louis we went to New York.

"In New York we were again delayed by weather conditions, and it was necessary to check the motor and the plane, but nothing beyond inspection was done to either the motor or the plane.

"The machine had already done 6200 miles—over 61 hours. I think this demonstrates the reliability of the commercial motor of to-day and demonstrates

also the reliability of planes of modern construction.

"Weather conditions were satisfactory over Newfoundland, but after leaving the coast it was necessary to fly over 10,000 feet because of the sleet.

"Then at night we flew over 8,000 to 10,000 feet, but in the daytime we ploughed through the fog. We finally picked up a course definitely, about three miles north of the point on the west coast of Ireland which we had hoped to reach. I want to say that the fact that we came within three miles of that point was an accident. Had it been twenty-five miles, it might have been navigation."

This is his account of what lies between the quiet, unexpected departure from Quentin Roosevelt Field on Long Island at 7:52 o'clock on the morning of May 20 and the rush of a hundred thousand to meet him at Le Bourget on the evening of May 21, thirty-three hours and thirty minutes later. It was wet, dismal, and unpromising at Roosevelt Field, and only a few knew that this young fellow Lindbergh was taking off. Northward along our coast destroyers were silently traversing the seas, searching the Newfoundland Banks for some trace of two French aviators. Ambassadors had concerned themselves lest American fliers might not be welcome abroad. Wait, they said. . . . But Lindbergh deferred only to the weather, and the fog on the early morning of May 20 lifted. He stood inside the hangar doors while his gas tank was filled. "Well, let's go," he said; and his plane taxied heavily down the wet field, lifted at the last moment, cleared by a narrow margin the threatening line of trees, and was off in the gray sky. Into the silence that had claimed Nuengesser and Coli? Into fog, and sleet, and the



danger of sleep, alone over the Atlantic. . . . A school-teacher went as usual to her classes in chemistry at the Cass Technical High School in Detroit. A Supreme Court Justice in Brooklyn handed down a decision to free the rival Bellanca plane from the grasp of a contentious injunction. At the ball game and the races that Saturday afternoon men asked each other if there was any news of Lindbergh. . . . Lights searched the sky at Le Bourget, and all Paris came out in the night to meet

him. Back over congested, narrow roads, bumping across fields, profanely slow, desperately running afoot, the reporters carried the news. He had landed. It was as if all the world were children suddenly let out of school for a holiday. Another Armistice had been signed.

"This is a cockleshell with live coals inside it," wrote Broun in *The World*, "upon which we spin about in a big universe. And we are small and fragile and, as some would have it, miserable



Wide World Photos  
CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

sinners. But it isn't true that there is no health in us. A pretty fine lot we are—I refer to human beings. Nature can't bully us indefinitely with wind and wave and peril of vast oceans. One of our boys has put the angry sea in its place. The big pond, hey? Why, after this it is a puddle, and we may step across as feebly as Elizabeth upon the cloak of Walter Raleigh." Governments were pleased, indeed exuberant, said the *Providence Journal*. "Diplomacy knows what it means to get

a whole nation speaking in praise of an American."

We began to ask ourselves, who is this Lindbergh who is so courageous, modest, and deft? "There is a poetic fitness," the *New York Times* answered, "in the fact that an American of Scandinavian descent should have been the first to make the successful venture in the air over a course with a thousand miles of sleet and snow such as the Vikings faced in their early voyages. His father, who



*Wide World Photos*

THE LINDBERGHs, FATHER AND SON, TAKEN IN WASHINGTON, WHEN THE FUTURE FLYER WAS EIGHT YEARS OLD, WHILE HIS FATHER WAS MEMBER OF CONGRESS

became a member of Congress from Minnesota, was born in Sweden, and the son, heritor of the spirit of those sturdy, far-venturing northern people, has come also to be known by the same affectionate appellation that has carried Leif Ericson's name across the centuries—'Lindy the Lucky.' As such the saga of Charles Lindbergh will be sung through years to come. It will be repeated by youth, and especially American youth, for more years than the traditional story of the Marathon runner or the mythical Icarus who flew too near the sun."

The President of the United States has written his biography: "Twenty-five years ago there was born in Detroit, Michigan, a boy representing the best

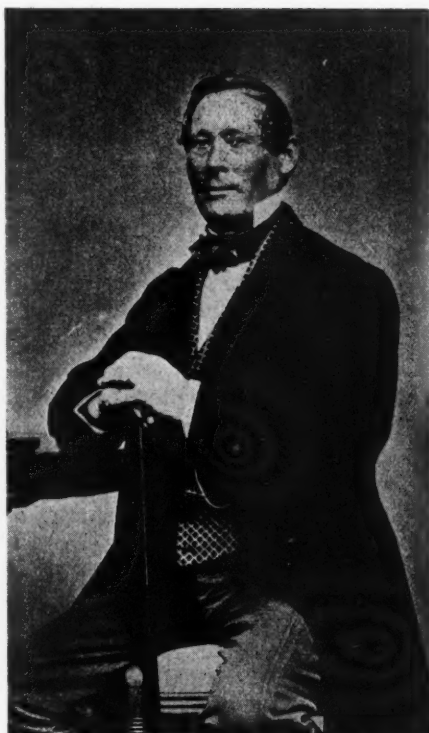
traditions of this country, of a stock known for its deeds of adventure and exploration. His father, moved with a desire for public service, was a member of Congress for several years. His mother, who dowered her son with her own modesty and charm, is with us today. Engaged in the vital profession of school teaching, she has permitted neither money nor fame to interfere with her fidelity to her duties. Too young to have enlisted in the World War, her son became a student at one of the big State universities. His interest in aviation led him to an Army aviation school, and in 1925 he was graduated as an air pilot. In November, 1926, he had reached the rank of Captain. . . . It was no hap-

hazard adventure. After months of careful preparation, supported by valiant character, driven by an unconquerable will, and inspired by the imagination and the spirit of his Viking ancestors, this reserve officer set wing across the dangerous stretches of the North Atlantic."

"I myself am an American," said the flyer in the Swedish Church in Paris, "but I bear a Swedish name—and should like to see the place where the Lindberghs lived for centuries." In his piles of telegrams were said to be at least two hundred signed "Lindbergh." "I never knew we had such a numerous family," he remarked. There was a message from the Swedish navy, perhaps penned by Vice Admiral Lindberg. No, he told a Stockholm reporter, he does not speak Swedish. "My father came from Sweden to America. My mother has no Swedish blood." He traced his ancestry to Ireland and the Isle of Man as well as to Sweden.

*Vecko-Journalen* of Stockholm established the fact that Captain Lindbergh is the grandson of Ola Månsson who represented a district in Skåne, Kristianstad län, in the Riksdag from 1847 to 1858, migrated then to America, settled in Minnesota, and changed his name to that which a brother in Sweden had already adopted, Lindbergh. Of the grandfather, too, there is told a story of heroic self-control. Near Sauk Centre, Minnesota, he built with his own hands a log cabin, twelve by sixteen. In the heat of summer, when there was no surgeon within fifty miles, he amputated his own arm, mangled by accident in a saw.

Between these two, Ola Månsson and his grandson, Captain Lindbergh, was Charles August Lindbergh, Sr.; born in Sweden in 1860, bred on the American prairies from his eighth month, Bachelor of Law from the University of Michigan, lawyer, member of the United States Congress from Minnesota, 1907 to 1917, candidate for governor of Minnesota on the Farmer-Labor ticket at the time of



From *Veckojournalen*  
OLA MÅNSSON, FATHER OF CONGRESSMAN  
LINDBERGH, GRANDFATHER OF THE AVIATOR

his death in May, 1924. In him was his son's spirit of independence. He was called a radical when he wrote against war and the money power.\* In him also was his son's modesty. In the biographical section of the Congressional Record, for which Congressmen write at length their political biographies, he inserted but one line: "Charles A. Lindbergh, Republican, Little Falls, Minn."

Of this descent was Charles Jr. born in Detroit on February 2, 1902. That was the year Marconi's first message spanned the Atlantic. About the time that this boy was learning to walk, Orville Wright made the first successful airplane flight in history. Charles had not yet started to school when Louis Bleriot flew across the English Channel from Calais to Dover. He must have

\**Banking and Currency*, 1913.  
*Why Is Your Country at War?*, 1917.  
*The Economic Pinch*, 1923.

been in the second grade when Peary and his laboring dogs reached the North Pole, and in his fourth when Amundsen penetrated the Antarctic to the South Pole. Just about the time he was finishing his high school course, Alcock and Brown flew from Newfoundland to Ireland, and four months later the first American trans-continental flight was made. One day in 1922 an airplane landed on the campus of the University of Wisconsin, and Charles Lindbergh said, "I'm going to be an aviator." A few days later he entered the flying school at Lincoln, Nebraska, and at Kelly Field in September, 1925 (Amundsen and Ellsworth made their first Polar flight that summer) he was commissioned Second Lieutenant. Since then he has been an air-mail pilot, and four times a parachute has saved his life.

At twenty-five he comes home from

France. . . . Up the canyoned Avenue, over the marching troops, through the floating streamers of paper, comes a gust of sound, a whirlwind of acclaim. He sits high and boyishly on the tonneau. The cheering passes.

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"The wonders of science," said former Justice Charles E. Hughes, "have made the old mythological tales seem tame and small. . . . When a young man can hop overnight to Paris and then in the morning telephone his greetings to his mother in Detroit; when millions throughout the length and breadth of this land and over sea, through the mysterious waves which have been taught to obey our command, can listen to the voice of the President of the United States according honors for that achievement, then indeed is the day that hath no brother."

June 20, 1927.

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## With Commander Byrd

**A** GAIN a Scandinavian! This time it is a Norwegian, Bernt Balchen, who, having gone into the Byrd expedition as an unknown quantity so far as the American public is concerned, emerges as the hero of the hour, the man who guided the plane on the last difficult lap of the journey and perhaps saved the lives of all.

The friendship of Commander Byrd and the young Norwegian flyer began at Svalbard. Balchen, a lieutenant in the Norwegian navy, had been sent by his government to assist Roald Amundsen in his start for the North Pole. It fell to his lot also to be of service to the American expedition, and Byrd is quoted as saying that without Balchen's mechanical skill the take-off of the Josephine Ford would have been impossible.

The friendship thus formed led to Balchen's coming here. He has had a varied experience which includes carrying dynamite in his plane across the Hudson Bay for the Canadian government. Aviators speak of him as a man of "iron nerves and an iron will" in addition to remarkable ability. Byrd's opinion of him is sufficiently attested by the fact that the expedition already planned for three was enlarged to include him. To do so it was necessary to compromise with the rule that only Americans should go with the party. Rodman Wanamaker, backer of the expedition, having given his consent, Balchen made the retort courteous by taking out his first citizen's papers.

The way in which the young flyer justified his leader's confidence has been





Wide World Photos  
BERNT BALCHEN

amply told. His own story is quite matter-of-fact. "I was at the wheel. I realized that it was I who would have to finish the flight. Now I do not believe in taking any risks. All my experience as a flyer has taught me that the big point about flying is to land your plane and passengers safely. I believe in doing that every time. Any fool can smash up a plane, but a good pilot should land gently. . . .

"Commander Byrd finally passed a message to me to land on water as soon as we should come to it. Our course took us to water. I then had to do something I had never done before in all my experience as a flyer. I had to land a land plane in the sea. I have landed many seaplanes in the sea, but never land planes. That was a new one on me. I slipped down gently enough and took off speed, but the moment we hit the surface our landing gear left us. With the weight of the motors the plane went nose under and tail up, and Acosta flew out of the window like a shot. I do not know what made him do it, because the landing, in my opinion, was a very gentle one.

"I stuck to the wheel until I felt the plane strike bottom. We were in about

ten feet of water at the time. When the plane struck bottom, I thought it was about time to crawl out. As a matter of fact it was Commander Byrd who pulled me out by the back of my neck and told me the flight was finished.

"He and Lieutenant Noville were yelling for Acosta in every direction. I was afraid I had lost a passenger, and was certainly glad to see Acosta's head come up, finally, on the other side of the plane. I did not lose any one. There seemed nothing wrong with my landing except that I got everybody wet. But that is to be expected if you land in the sea with a land plane."

Balchen is already enlisted in the great expedition to the Antarctic continent planned by Commander Byrd.

\*

Another Scandinavian who was identified with the expedition was the meteorological expert, C. Gustaf Rossby, Fellow of the American-Scandinavian Foundation from Sweden and research associate of the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aëronautics. Since one of the objects of the *America's* expedition was to find the best, safest, and quickest route to Europe, it was especially important to study air current conditions, and Rossby was particularly well qualified to give advice because of his wide experience, including both European and American conditions.

It is generally held by experts that no great variation from the line of the Great Circle is practicable, but the altitude of flight is very important. Meteorologists say that at a high altitude there is a strong, steady west wind which will bear the plane along at great speed. The gain may be as much as twenty miles an hour. The problem is to find the level where the current of air is strongest and most constant. In this matter Rossby was advisor for the expedition, acting, of course, with the experts of the United States Weather Bureau.

# CURRENT EVENTS



## U · S · A ·

¶ Rapid City, South Dakota, continues to center the interest of whatever political events are considered of importance to the conducting of the nation's business. President Coolidge by this time has had an opportunity to gage the sentiment of the Middle West with regard to farm demands, and it is expected that this will have a considerable bearing on any prospective legislation in the direction of farm relief when Congress meets. ¶ It is not unlikely that the President may call a special session in October, as Republican leaders are urging the disposal of flood and taxation measures, in addition to what may be done toward assisting the farmers. Senator Smoot is taking the lead in urging this special session so that the party may get ready for the campaign next year when one-third of the Senate and the entire House of Representatives will be elected. ¶ Among the important visitors to the South Dakota White House was Governor General Wood of the Philippines who furnished the President with a detailed account of progress in the islands. The Filipinos, according to Governor Wood, are eager for education, and the finances of the islands are sound. As for Philippine independence, he thought such action would be unwise for some time to come. ¶ In honor of President Coolidge's visit to South Dakota the Black Hill's peak that towers over the lodge, and was formerly known as Mount Lookout, has been renamed Mount Coolidge. At the dedication exercises the President said the country round about reminded him considerably of his own Vermont hills. ¶ A new attempt by Democratic Congressmen and insurgent Republicans to have Congress

adopt an anti-third term resolution is expected to be made as soon as Congress meets. Those Republicans who were disappointed when the President vetoed the McNary-Haugen Farm Relief bill, and now are supporting former Governor Frank O. Lowden for President, are active in furthering such an anti-third term measure as a deterrent against President Coolidge's nomination. ¶ The solution of the Mississippi flood problem is occupying the leading government engineers, and at the Flood Control conference in Chicago, Dwight F. Davis, the Secretary of War, assured the conference that the administration would do its full duty towards obtaining such legislation as might be of greatest benefit, not only to the flood sufferers, but in preventing a recurrence of the Mississippi tragedy. ¶ The United States Department of Commerce has compiled some interesting data about aviation mileage during last year. Total airplane mileage was 48,443,992 miles, of which 23,310,352 miles was non-military flying mileage, 16,764,540 miles army mileage and 8,352,800 miles navy mileage. ¶ In making ready for the celebration of its centennial in 1933, Chicago has invited the rulers of the three Scandinavian countries to be the honored guests of the municipality. It is expected that in case the heads of the nations will be unable to come, members of the royal families will accept the invitation. ¶ The New York State Chamber of Commerce has adopted a resolution recommending that the limitation on immigration be not only applied to Europe, but that the quota provisions of the Immigration Act of 1924 be extended to Canada, Mexico, the South American countries, and the West Indies. ¶ The United States shared in the celebration of Canada's "Diamond Jubilee."



## NORWAY

¶ The protracted and somewhat bitter struggle concerning the management of the Folk High School at Voss after the conversion to Roman Catholicism of the head master, Lars Eskeland, came to an end by the decision of the Storting on May 23. By a large majority of 83 against 59 votes, the parliament decided to renew the annual subsidy to the school only on the condition that Mr. Eskeland withdraw from the school altogether. This means that Eskeland has had to give up not only the headmastership but his position as teacher as well. The decision is a new proof of the extreme conservatism of the Norwegian parliament in ecclesiastical matters, and it was, no doubt, partly influenced by recent aggressive Roman propaganda. In spite of the increased Catholic activity of the last years the Catholics in Norway number only about 3,000 in a population of two and one-half million. ¶ A "Norwegian day" was celebrated at Evreux in Normandy by the "Fédération des Sociétés normandes" on May 27. The object of the festival was to emphasize the racial and historical relations between Normandy and Norway. Among the Norwegians who took part in the celebration were the Minister at Paris Wedel Jarlsberg, Professors Halvdan Koht and Magnus Olsen, and the National Antiquarian Harry Fett. An address was presented by Mr. Wedel Jarlsberg on behalf of Nordmandsforbundet. ¶ A very interesting exhibition *Det utflyttede Norges utstilling* (Exhibition of Norway Abroad) was held at Oslo in the last days of May at the initiative of Nordmandsforbundet. The exhibition comprised objects and pictures, showing how the emigrated Norwegians are living in various parts of the world. The American group was, of course, the largest. It gave the numerous visitors a

very good idea of the high material and intellectual standard attained by the Norwegian Americans. A number of lectures were held at the exhibition which, no doubt, has contributed toward increasing the knowledge of the Norwegian public of the life and culture of their kinsmen abroad. ¶ A large party of American physicians, accompanied by their wives and daughters, visited Oslo in the beginning of June. While the men were shown the hospitals under the guidance of Norwegian colleagues, the ladies admired the beautiful surroundings of the capital. Receptions were held at the University and at the American Legation. ¶ A political stir was caused by two speeches, made by Russian Minister Makar and the chairman of the Labor Party, Alfred Madsen, at a meeting in the Russian Legation at Oslo on June 11 in memory of the murdered Soviet Diplomat Voikov. Makar made a virulent attack on the British Government, and Madsen praised Russian terrorism in glowing terms. The speeches were strongly criticized by the whole bourgeois press and were the subject of a debate in the Storting. The parliament by a large majority, only the labor parties voting against it, passed a resolution deploring Madsen's speech and expressing strong disapproval of it. Minister Makar had to explain his attitude in a conversation with Mr. Ivar Lykke, the Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and promised to be more discreet in future. ¶ On June 12 the last service was held in Johanneskirken, one of the largest churches in Oslo. The church will shortly be demolished by order of the municipal authorities, as it is gradually sinking, the substructure being too weak. The efforts made to strengthen the foundation have proved fruitless. The congregation deeply regrets the loss of the church, and the last service was very impressive. The most famous of the clergy-

men who have been rectors of Johanneskirken was Christopher Bruun, the friend of Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson and Henrik Ibsen. In his youth Bruun co-operated with Bjørnson in the Folk High School movement, but they separated when Bjørnson abandoned the Christian faith. Bruun preached the sermon at the funeral of Henrik Ibsen.



## DENMARK

¶ The Danish disarmament bill, which has been so much discussed, has now been definitely defeated. Last March it was passed by the Folketing, but on June 8 it was voted down by the Landsting with 39 votes against 24. The bill, which was introduced by the late Socialist government, called for the virtual abolition of the army and navy as well as of the conscription system. It was proposed to substitute a military police on land and to reduce the navy to a mere guard for home waters and inspector of fisheries and the like. The fortifications also were to be dismantled according to the plan which now has gone down to defeat. ¶ Denmark, in common with other countries, has centered much of its present interest on aviation, and the flying season opened under the most auspicious circumstances. The Danish Air Transport Company, through its arrangement with other European companies, now makes it possible to fly from Copenhagen and reach on the same day the following cities: London, Paris, Brussels, Trier, Frankfurt, München, Vienna, Prague, and Danzig. Besides the German companies, Swedish and Dutch are also maintaining their traffic over Copenhagen. ¶ The death, recently, of Professor Vilhelm Thomsen, the noted philologist, has caused deep regret. Born in 1842, the same year as Brandes, Professor Thomsen became eighty-five years old. He took his doctor's degree on the relations between the Finnish and Germanic lan-

guages and in the early years of his career specialized on the domains where the culture of the Scandinavians touches that of their eastern neighbors, the Slavs as well as the Finns. Later he turned to a study of the Romance languages, and, finally, he distinguished himself still further by interpreting the oldest known inscriptions in the Turkish language. He discovered laws that revolutionized the whole science of philology, and it is claimed no other scholar of his time ever mastered so many languages.



PROFESSOR VILHELM THOMSEN

¶ More than 150 American and Canadian physicians visited Copenhagen for study purposes under the direction of Dr. William Peck who on behalf of the visitors expressed the admiration all felt for the Danish municipal hospitals. ¶ Arrangements are under way for the Danish Travel Exhibition which, under auspices of the ministry of commerce, will open in the Brooklyn, N. Y., Museum in the fall with various industrial art displays.





## SWEDEN

¶ Again Stockholm has been the scene of an important world gathering, the International Chamber of Commerce which with two thousand members and guests opened its fourth congress in the great concert hall, June 27. Present at the opening were the King and Crown Prince with other members of the royal family, and the diplomatic corps. In his opening speech Sir Allen Anderson deplored the obstacles which trade barriers made to the free intercourse of nations. "Our duty now," he said, "is to help that exchange between the nations of goods, men, and ideas which we call trade, and by which we have built up the best civilization the world has ever seen, but which is threatened by the trade barriers to-day." In the meeting of the committee considering this subject, the Swedish financial expert, Professor Cassel, laid stress on the world's misuse of protection. Directing his remarks particularly to "our American friends," he said: "We need a general understanding of what is fair in the way of international protection. Say for instance that we allow 20 or 25 per cent ad valorem tariffs for the protection of wages and living standards. Surely all will agree that tariffs of 50 or 100 per cent are not only unfair to world interests, but are uneconomical. If it costs more than 25 per cent more to manufacture an article at home than abroad, give up making the article and let others do it. All countries must recognize the positive utility of an international division of labor. Professor Cassel did not think the understanding he desired could be created by formal agreements, but urged the education of public opinion. ¶ The Riksdag adjourned shortly before midsummer. One of its last acts was to approve the extension for three years of the agreement between the State and

the great Grängesberg-Oxlösund company which is engaged in mining the rich ore deposits in Norrland. The company insisted that a long term agreement was necessary in order to guarantee the delivery of ore to its foreign customers, particularly to the great German iron works which might turn elsewhere for their raw materials unless the Swedes could assure them of stable business conditions. The Socialists were opposed to extending the agreement over so long a period, but the government proposition carried the day. ¶ It has been reported from time to time that the Swedish Communists have secretly carried on the practice of arms and have even on several occasions planned actions of open rebellion. The police have always been able to nip any such attempts in the bud, with the result that the parties of the extreme left have declared that the police have fought against windmills. Now it has been proved, however, that the Communists actually have considerable stores of arms, just how large is not known. A proposition aimed directly against them has been presented by the government and seeks to limit as well as to control the amount of arms and ammunition possessed by private persons or organizations by requiring them to have the permission of the police. The plan also calls for an inventory wherever conditions are suspicious. The government's proposition has been received with satisfaction by the people in general. ¶ A motion to abolish all decorations was brought before the Riksdag, but was not passed. The government declared that it could not sanction the sudden abolition of the whole system, but promised that in the future the honors at its disposal would be more sparingly awarded. ¶ The large rivers of Norrland, fed by masses of snow and ice which do not melt until late in the season, overflowed their banks in the early part of the summer. The flood did a considerable amount of damage.



## BIOGRAPHY

**An American Saga**, by Carl Christian Jensen.  
*Little, Brown and Company.*

It is not as the diary of another immigrant that this story takes on its significance, but rather the inspiration of the story comes from its spiritual and intellectual value and the bold vigor of its style, according to *The Atlantic Monthly* in which it was originally published.

The author takes us back to his first awareness of himself as a child of three in a dingy room in a Danish Coast town. From this point we follow his career as he unfolds it to us with an honest and unabashed lack of reticence that is sometimes startling. At sixteen he yields to the long-resisted call of the sea, and after two years before the mast he lands penniless in New York. Anew begins the struggle to live and learn, with a never abated interest in the casuals he encounters on the way. Then comes Margaret and the early marriage that brought happiness and glamor still undiminished. And on goes the struggle for bread, and shelter, and an education, first in Chicago, then at "Doomsday" seminary in a Minnesota valley, thence to Minneapolis where the University degree became a reality. Finally back to Brooklyn with a garden within sight of the Bay. All is told with a vividness and zest for living that hardships have utterly failed to dim or destroy. In truth not the physical but the spiritual and intellectual experiences are made the most significant of all.

A. C. R.

**The Life of Knute Nelson**, by Martin W. Odland. *The Lund Press, Minneapolis.*

A careful and authentic biography of Senator Nelson, showing much research and a judicious estimate of "Minnesota's Grand Old Man" and his services to his adopted country.

## FICTION

**Giants in the Earth**, by O. E. Rølvaag.  
*Harper.*

Even those most impressed with the truth and sincerity of Rølvaag's novel about Norwegian immigrants on the prairies may well be surprised at the phenomenal success of the English translation sponsored by Harper's. Its selection as the "Book of the Month" led to an initial printing of 60,000 copies and to a display on news stands and in book stores all the more remarkable in a book so free from sensationalism. With all the sympathy and admiration that met the book in its original

Norwegian edition, the nearness and familiarity of the subject perhaps made Norwegian Americans fail to realize what a revelation the book would be to their countrymen of other racial groups. The book has been acclaimed by the critics not only as a picture of the life of one immigrant group, but as a profoundly touching study in the psychology of the immigrant. In describing with knowledge and conviction the life of which he was a part, Professor Rølvaag has perhaps builded better than he knew. No one will rejoice more at his success than his own people, Americans of his own race.

H. A. L.

**The Minister's Daughter**, by Hildur Dixelius. Translated from the Swedish by Anna C. Settergren, with a foreword by Edward Garnett. *Dutton.*

A story of rural Sweden a hundred years ago, which, though it lacks Selma Lagerlöf's charm and glamor, is not unworthy in its power and sincerity to be mentioned with *Gösta Berling*. The conditions it pictures are even harsher and more primitive. Especially the public execution—in its idyllic setting of green fields—is a reminder of an age of stern reprisals. The heroine, Sara Alelia Unaeus, is a woman whose strength seems to grow with her trials. Left widowed and betrayed at eighteen, she begins life anew, reclaiming waste and, and doing good to all about her.



O. E. RÖLVAAG

**Mysteries**, by Knut Hamsun. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. *Knopf*.

Hamsun's first novel after *Hunger*, in which he voiced many of his pet theories on life and literature. The hero, Johan Nagel, is the "Wanderer" type which Hamsun afterwards developed in so many different phases. He is doomed to be an outsider from life with his deep longing for human fellowship forever unsatisfied.

**Denied a Country**, by Herman Bang. Translated by Marie Busch and A. G. Chater. *Knopf*.

Again the firm of Alfred A. Knopf, introduces a distinguished Scandinavian author to American readers, this time the melancholy Dane, Herman Bang, one of the group of novelists that were young with Brandes. The choice of this particular book was wise. It has a message in these days of patriotism gone mad. The hero, Count Joàn Ujhazy, is the son of a Danish mother, but born on an independent island in the Danube owned for centuries by his father's family. There he is surrounded by a conglomeration of nations almost equal to that of New York's East Side. Rumanians, Ruthenians, Serbs, and Jews are always ready to fly at one another's throats, but reserve their bitterest jibes for the boy of no country. Joàn tries to repatriate himself in his mother's country, but soon sees the seamy side of patriotism, and flees back to his loneliness.

**Liliecrona's Home**, by Selma Lagerlöf. Translated from the Swedish by Anna Barwell. *Dutton*.

A reprint of one of Miss Lagerlöf's earlier novels. The background and many of the characters are the same as those of *Gösta Berling*, and the book is interesting as filling in the picture with more details.

**The Cross**, by Sigrid Undset. Translated by Charles Archer. *Knopf*.

This book completes the magnificent trilogy published in the original under the title *Kristin Lavransdatter*. A book of unrelieved intensities, plumbing the depths of human suffering, and touching the heights of spiritual victory over pain and self-will. It ends with Kristin's death in the convent during the plague known in Norwegian history as the Black Death.

#### TRAVEL

**First Crossing of the Polar Sea**, by Roald Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth, with Additional Chapters by Other Members of the Expedition. *George H. Doran Company*.

This is the scientific report of the great adventure of the *Norge*, a sober and valuable contribution to the literature on air navigation, polar meteorology, and Arctic exploration. It is not the tale of adventure, but the book of facts.

**Across Arctic America**, by Knud Rasmussen. Narrative of the Fifth Thule Expedition. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*.

Rasmussen is a gift of the gods; and the modern world may thank its good fortune that he is here to interpret the Eskimo before it is too late. He has the mind to understand and the speech to tell what he has seen in his three and a half year trip by dog sledge from tribe to tribe, from one side to the other of Arctic America. There is no other book like this. Centuries of convention are washed away and, in his thrilling narrative, we live with prehistoric man. For him the Eskimo is not just a curious object, but man earning the hardest of livings, saving through generations a precious tradition, a philosopher. He relates the Greenland Eskimo to his cousin in Alaska and presents an interesting theory of their common Asiatic origin. J. C.

**A Wayfarer in Sweden**, by Frederic Whyte. *Houghton, Mifflin*.

This is a notable addition to travel books on Sweden, and gives the tourist just the information he wants about the country and its people. While not at all the usual guide-book, the volume contains a great amount of discriminating advice as to hotels and other matters of travel. With it we get a background indicating wide knowledge of history, literature, and art.

**Through Kamchatka** by Dog Sled and Skis, by Sten Bergman. *Lippincott*.

The great explorer, Sven Hedin, gives high praise to this narrative of adventure in North-eastern Siberia.

**In Savage Australia**, by Knut Dahl. *Houghton, Mifflin*.

The adventures of a veteran Norwegian explorer and scientist who has been the leader of many expeditions to Africa and Australia. In his native Norway he is Professor of Pisciculture at Norway's Agricultural College and Director of Fresh Water Fishery Work at the Zoological Museum of Oslo.

#### SCIENCE

**Colloid Chemistry: Wisconsin Lectures**, by Theodor Svedberg. *The Chemical Catalog Co., 1927*.

A general survey of colloid chemistry. The author is professor of chemistry at Uppsala University.

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**Catalogue of the Icelandic Collection bequeathed by Willard Fiske. Additions, 1913-26.** Compiled by Halldor Hermannsson. *Cornell University*.

# THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples, by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information*

ESTABLISHED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911

**Officers:** President, Henry Goddard Leach; Vice presidents, John G. Bergquist, John A. Gade, and William Hovgaard; Treasurer, H. Esk. Moller; Secretary, James Creese; Literary Secretary and Editor of the *REVIEW*, Hanna Astrup Larsen; Counsel, Henry E. Almberg; Auditors, David Elder & Co.

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**Associates:** All who are in sympathy with the aims of the Foundation are invited to become Associates. Regular Associates, paying \$3.00 annually, receive the *REVIEW*. Sustaining Associates, paying \$10.00 annually, receive the *REVIEW* and *CLASSICS*. Life Associates, paying \$200.00 once for all, receive all publications.

## Miss Fröberg Comes

The *REVIEW* from time to time reports on the entertainment of distinguished guests from abroad, and we may now record our pleasure in the visit of Miss



MISS EVA FRÖBERG

Eva Fröberg, Secretary of Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, our constant correspondent and the good friend and advisor of all our Fellows in Stockholm. This has been Miss Fröberg's first visit to America, and she came on an invitation,

often repeated, from the Foundation. She arrived on the Gripsholm on May 10 and remained in New York for ten days, first as the guest of Mrs. G.

Thompson Parker and then as the guest of Mrs. Henry G. Leach. Several receptions and teas were given in her honor, one to renew acquaintance with thirty of the Fellows and former Fellows, another to meet members of the Chapter. President and Mrs. Hibben gave a tea and reception for Miss Fröberg at Princeton University on May 21; she visited President Park of Bryn Mawr College two days later; and from the 23rd to the 26th she was in Washington. Her itinerary for June provided for visits to New Haven and Boston, Buffalo and Chicago, with participation in the Commencement exercises at Vassar College on June 7 and at the University of Chicago on June 12. In Chicago she was the guest of the Council on Foreign Relations at luncheon, and she was entertained by several members of the American Association of University Women. She sailed from New York on the Drottningholm on June 24, taking with her the announcement that the New York department store, Altman & Company, had agreed to receive a woman appointed by Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen as an Industrial Fellow. Perhaps noth-



ing in her visit was more gratifying to Miss Fröberg than the assurances she received from the officers of the several firms that they are more than pleased with the work of our Industrial Fellows.

#### Dean H. P. Talbot

We regret that we must record the death of Dr. Henry Paul Talbot, Dean of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a member of the American Fellowship Jury of the Foundation since 1919. Dean Talbot has been our expert in passing upon the appointment of American Fellows for the study of chemistry and chemical engineering in the Scandinavian countries. He was a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and remained a member of the Faculty there from the time of his graduation in 1885 until his death, rising from Instructor to Professor of Analytical Chemistry and the head of the Department of Chemistry and Chemical Engineering. He was Chairman of the Faculty of Massachusetts Institute of Technology from 1919 to 1921; and between 1920 and 1923, after the death of President MacLaurin and until the coming of Dr. Stratton as president, he was Chairman of the Administrative Committee of the Institute. His interest in the Foundation began in his friendship with Professor Hovgaard, and was steadily expressed in his use of his knowledge of engineering for the benefit of the Foundation's Fellows.

#### The Judson Fellowship

Many members of the Chicago Chapter have responded to the suggestion of the Foundation that a Fellowship for the year 1927-1928 be established in the name of the late president of the Chapter, Dr. Harry Pratt Judson. Dr. Judson, who for twenty years was president of the University of Chicago, was naturally greatly interested in the exchange of students conducted by the Foundation. A memorial to him cannot be in more ap-

propriate form than in a Fellowship bearing his name. Several hundred dollars have already been subscribed, a few contributions being of one hundred dollars each, but a greater number ranging from ten to twenty-five dollars. Members of the Chicago Chapter who wish in this way to show their respect to President Judson should communicate with the Treasurer of the Chapter, Colonel Tryggve A. Siqueland, State Bank of Chicago; or with the Secretary of the Foundation.

#### Two New Industrial Fellows from Denmark

When we announced the appointment of Industrial Fellows in the June Number of the REVIEW it was not possible to give the names of the two Fellows who were appointed from Denmark for the stipends provided by the Cincinnati Milling Machine Company and the Consolidated Machine Tool Corporation of Rochester, N. Y. We can now complete the list. Mr. Niels Erik Thomsen has been named Fellow to the Cincinnati Milling Machine Tool Company; and Mr. Kaj E. Houman will go to the Consolidated Machine Tool Company.

#### Dr. Molin Donates a Fellowship

Dr. C. Gunnar Molin has donated a Fellowship in the Foundation's exchange of students between the United States and Sweden. Dr. Molin is now President of the New York Chapter. He has been for many years one of its most active members, serving as Chairman of the Membership Committee for three years. Dr. Molin has made no restriction as to the subject of research to be undertaken by his Fellow, but it would be appropriate if it could be either in medicine or in art, where he finds his own vocation and avocation. He has been for many years a member of the Board of the Swedish Hospital in Brooklyn, and is attached to the staff there.

His paintings, some of them recording summer visits to Sweden and Switzerland, were seen by visitors to the last exhibition of Scandinavian American artists in the Brooklyn Museum.

#### New York Chapter Organization

The New York Chapter on May 9 gathered for its first meeting under the presidency of Dr. C. Gunnar Molin to remodel its Constitution. The new Constitution was designed to recognize the changes in methods which have occurred since 1922 when the Constitution was last considered, especially to give a definite place to the series of Club Nights which are now so successfully conducted by the Social Committee. These social gatherings of the active members of the Chapter occur monthly and have been held in the smaller ball rooms of the Hotel Plaza. It must be remembered that there are two classes of membership in the New York Chapter. All Associates of the Foundation in the district are invited to the public functions, while the Club Nights are attended by the Supporting Members who pay \$2.00 a year into the treasury of the Chapter in addition to their dues as Associates of the Foundation. This entitles them to free admission to the Club Nights. The new Constitution of the Chapter also provides for the election of three vice presidents. It was announced at this meeting that by action of the Executive Committee of the Chapter there has been established in the accounts of the Chapter for the first time a Scholarship Fund, to which the proceeds of certain events will be added, and for which donations will be received, this fund to be drawn on annually for the appointment of a New York Chapter Fellow.

#### Midsummer Boat Party

The Peter Stuyvesant is the newest steamer of the Hudson River Day Line. In so far as furnishings and design are

concerned, it is worthy of putting to sea as a trans-Atlantic liner. It was on this steamer that the members of the New York Chapter celebrated Midsummer Day by a cruise up the Hudson River as far as Tappan Zee. The boat returned at midnight. It is to be hoped that this will become an annual outing, and the officers of the Chapter feel certain that it will prove so popular that it alone will be able to maintain the Chapter Fellowship. Mr. George H. Lehman, Vice President of the Chapter, was the proposer and business manager of the cruise, and he had the able assistance of Mrs. Walter M. Weil, Mrs. J. S. DeBrun, and other members of the Social Committee.

#### Lecturers to America

The Foundation is joining Princeton University in bringing Professor Johnny Roosval of Stockholm to America to lecture on his researches on Gotland and other archeological subjects. He will go first to Princeton University for a series of lectures there in the School of Archeology, and will later follow a schedule of lectures at other universities, made up by the Foundation, during the winter season of 1927-1928.

The Foundation is also joining with the Institute of International Education in an invitation to Mr. Högsbro Holm, Secretary of the Danish Co-operative Associations, who may lecture in this country on co-operative agriculture. More than a dozen university engagements have already been made for him, and it is to be hoped that he will be able to accept the invitation.

#### "Norse Mythology"

This latest CLASSIC of the Foundation has been chosen by the Editors of the *Yale Review* for their "Library of the Quarter," twenty-three volumes listed as "notable new books selected by the Editors."

# NORTHERN LIGHTS

## "My Friend Abroad"

Dr. Sven V. Knudsen, one of the chief organizers of the great jamboree of Boy Scouts held in Denmark in the summer of 1924, himself celebrated for having circumnavigated the globe in Scout uniform and for having written on boys' life throughout the world, will this summer introduce a new idea in international education. He will take a group of one hundred boys, selected from secondary schools throughout America, to Denmark to live in Danish homes for a month. He calls it an international picnic, for he intends that the boys shall have a good time as well as an instructive one for themselves and for Danish boys. The Scandinavian-American Line made special preparations for them on the *Hellig Olav* sailing July 23. Instead of going to hotels or a boys' camp in Denmark, they will be the guests of Danish boys in their own homes. Dr. Knudsen will be assisted by Mr. Clayton H. Ernest, Editor of *The Open Road for Boys*; Mrs. Ernest; Mr. and Mrs. Aiden L. Ripley; Mr. Fremont Loeffel, athletic director of the Tower Hill School of Wilmington, Delaware; Miss Leonora Field, the head of the Infirmary of Antioch College, and Miss Agnes Barron. Perhaps the Review will have opportunity to report on this young men's crusade later in photographs taken by the boys themselves.

### Nordmandsforbundet

The world-wide organization of Norwegians known as Nordmandsforbundet can this year celebrate its twentieth anniversary. It was founded in 1907 with C. Berner, former president of the Norwegian Storting, as its first president. He was succeeded by Dr. F. G. Gade who served until recently when C. J. Hambro was elected to the office.

In New York the society's anniver-

sary was commemorated at the Guild Theater with a festival performance of Björnson's *Over Ævne* by the local Norwegian Theater directed by Madame Borgny Hammer. The chairman of the arrangements was Nordmandsforbundets commissioner in New York, Christian Schiött, who introduced the speakers of the evening, Norway's minister to Brazil, F. Herman Gade, and Dr. John H. Finley of the *New York Times*.

In Oslo an exposition entitled *Det Utflyttede Norge* (Norway Abroad) was held during the latter part of May under the direction of Arne Kildal, General Secretary of Nordmandsforbundet. At the opening of the exposition, which was attended by a notable representation of Norwegian government officials, and also many Americans, among them Minister Laurits S. Swenson, an address was delivered by the president of Norway's Storting, C. J. Hambro, who is also the president of Nordmandsforbundet. There also the annual meeting of the society took place on midsummer eve, and members and delegates from far and near took part in the festivities that marked the occasion.

### A Centenary Edition of Ibsen's Works

In honor of the one hundredth anniversary of Ibsen's birth, March 20, 1928, the Gyldendal publishing house has long been preparing to bring out a centenary edition of his works. The edition will be monumental in scope and comprise about twenty-five large octavo volumes. First will be issued the plays in chronological order, then poems, essays, and speeches, followed by his letters. Many of these last have come to light since the first edition of them appeared a quarter of a century ago. Finally there will be as concluding volumes an Ibsen dictionary and a volume of Ibsen portraits. The plans are to make this a variorum edition and also to provide each volume with comprehensive introductions.

The editors are professors at the University of Oslo; Francis Bull, Halvdan Koht, Didrik Arup Seip, and Ragnvald Iversen, as compiler of the dictionary.

#### Through America with Sweden's Crown Prince

Compatriots of the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, both abroad and at home, followed the progress of the royal pair on their world tour with keen interest. A chronicle of the long journey, as recorded by Fritz Henriksson, Counselor in the Foreign Department, who accompanied the travellers, has been published by P. A. Norstedt & Söner in Stockholm. The entertaining volume which is entitled *Med Sveriges Kronprinspar Genom Amerika* is profusely illustrated and handsomely bound.

In lighter vein is *U. S. A. och Kronprinsparet*, by Eric Swenne, one of the Swedish newspaper men who accompanied the royal party on the tour. Mr. Swenne's book is published by Hugo Gebers Förlag in Stockholm and is illustrated with numerous photographs.

#### Anna Bugge Wicksell

The American negro and his education was the object of Fru Wicksell's study trip in the United States as the guest of the Phelps Stokes Foundation last April and May. She is a delegate from Sweden to the League of Nations, and is the only woman member of the Permanent Mandate Commission. Her especial charge is the development of a system of education for the negroes in the former German possessions in Africa, and she hoped to find models of practical schools among the American institutions she visited. She expects to co-operate with the already existing mission schools in Africa, but insists that more stress must be laid on practical instruction in agriculture and hygiene.

In New York she was guest of honor at a dinner given by the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association and in a speech on "Indirect Roads to Peace" gave what Professor James T. Shotwell, who followed her, called the clearest exposition we have yet had of the functioning of the League of Nations.



Photograph by Harris and Ewing  
FRU ANNA BUGGE WICKSELL

Fru Wicksell is of Norwegian birth and was one of the group of young women who matriculated at the University when the idea of academic education for women was yet new. She married Professor Knut Wicksell of Sweden, and after her marriage took her degree as doctor of law.

#### Swedish Song

The national Swedish male chorus, De Svenske, has completed a six weeks tour of the United States, extending as far as to San Francisco and including the chief Swedish centres. The chorus, under the leadership of Emil Carelius,



conductor, fulfills all that we have learned to expect from the best traditions of Swedish song. There could be no more welcome informal ambassadors than a chorus of such caliber.

#### Lindbergh Park

The first Swedish settlers in America and the last American of Swedish descent to win world fame will be alike honored in the park recently acquired by the Swedish Colonial Society in Philadelphia. A tract of land, five acres in extent, on Tinicum Island has been donated to the Society by Mr. Charles Longstreth on the condition that it be kept as a memorial to Charles A. Lindbergh and bear his name. The gift was accepted on behalf of the Society by its president, Colonel Henry D. Paxon.

#### The Swedish Young People's Trip to America

One hundred Swedish young people are planning an American tour in August and September. The group is composed of singers, folk-dancers, and peasant fiddlers of the various Swedish provinces ranging from Lapland to Skåne; and in their picturesque native costumes, their entertainment will be a colorful exposition of Swedish peasant culture. They bring with them artistically executed addresses, for which Selma Lagerlöf has written the text. The tour will embrace about thirty cities.

#### An Authority on the Indians

A Swedish-American, a graduate of Bethany College in Lindsborg, Rev. G. E. E. Lindquist, has recently been appointed supervisor of religious education among the Indians with headquarters at Haskell Institute, the United States Training School, at Lawrence, Kansas. Mr. Lindquist, whose interest in the Indians dates back to his college days, has devoted twenty years to educational work among the Indians and has made

himself an authority on their customs and history. A book written by different authors under his editorship, entitled *The Red Man in the United States*, has been published in an abridged edition in Sweden. He has also lectured in Sweden on the American Indians.

#### A Norwegian Course at Columbia

A course in Norwegian, with Mr. Ansten Anstensen, a graduate of St. Olaf College, as instructor, will be offered at Columbia University during the winter session of the current year. The course is planned to give the fundamental grammar and vocabulary of the language, and is based on an orthography which will enable the student to read the classical writers of the nineteenth century in Norway and Denmark.

#### Scandinavian Books in the Cleveland Public Library

The Cleveland Public Library has recently added a considerable number of important books to its Scandinavian collection. This collection now numbers 2,600 books in the Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish languages, and the library also subscribes to several Scandinavian magazines and newspapers.


#### Scandinavian Students in Minneapolis

Students of the Scandinavian languages at the University of Minnesota and at the Minneapolis high schools held their annual dinner in May. There were 234 students present, and Professor Gisle Bothne, the head of the University's Scandinavian department, acted as toastmaster. Officers of the Foundation's Minnesota Chapter and its Junior League were among those who took part in the program.

#### The Denmark Number

If our Danish Associates should wish to send the Denmark Number of the REVIEW to their American friends, copies may be purchased from the Foundation.

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